

Yeah dude amphetamines are amazing
i told this girl ive been seeing that im
gonna move which i was really scared to
do
shes always saying how much she likes
me and im like ahhhh
but i said it and she was really chill about
it
its fucked tho bc i just made like 2 new
friends who are rly cool and theyre trans
girls and i had like no friends irl who r
trans girls. and i wanna move but also its
sad
if i move id have to get a job which is
FUCKED
its so complicated....LIFE man 9_9
this song good

Gotta ball out for my dead homies,
probably why I ain't with em.
damn
dead homies
death rly makes u think huh

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=alr5-2omOIE> I ever show you this
song? I found it randomly years ago but
it just gets stuck in my head all the time
I

Miraj I Cale Dru

Free MP3 Download: [https://
soundcloud.com/calebnungesser/01-
miraj Cale Dru 2015 © Post Up](https://soundcloud.com/calebnungesser/01-miraj-Cale-Dru-2015-©-Post-Up)
Entertainment Director: Rawe Quality
Assistant Director: Cale Dru P...
[youtube.com](https://www.youtube.com)

fuk
im gonna die in paper mario 1 sec
damn i forget how to use items
im sucking rn
can only mario use items?? 🤔
how the fuck do you dodge what the
FUCK

I have noidea
only mario can use items thats fucked
this songs seems cool its like too chill for
me rn tho lol
ticket is sick keke palmer is rly good too

Yeah I love Ticket
dude i seriously really love those lil
xochipilli songs btw
theyre so good

Thank you!
I'm glad you like them =3
yuh
^ ^

I'm going to keep making them and doing
more

hell yea

I just downloaded this beat pack from a friend that's like 200 songs

im/
dope

And he was taking 'donations' cause he needed money

oh yeah i kinda wondered what xochipilli was from your twitter but then i looked it up when u made that first song and hes really tight. maybe u think im not cool cuz i didnt kno about him already >_> but i rly fuck with him hes great and very you

So I sent him \$50

odang
i think u told me that maybe sounds familar

So when I listen if i find any tight beats I'm gonna see if he minds if I rap over em
Yeah xochipilli is tight

cool
ya

He's like the Aztec god of like

yeah i looked it up haha
hes kinda the god of like most chill shit

Dancing, flowers, homosexuals, male prostitution and is associated with entheogen usage

thats like the best

Also there have been a few stories online from people who have had like psychotic episodes from DXM

ya but he is the flower prince and that statue where's just like gone as fuck

That had "seen" Xochipilli in their psychosis

where he's just like gone as fuck*

I'm gonna get a tattoo on my arm eventually based on that statue

thats tight
dude nice....

I wanna get like, basically an ivy sleeve style thing

ya what rly made me think of u was the flower prince but also that statue i was like holy shit of course...marcus as fuck lol

And then on the ivy are the 5 flowers that are on my base of the statue

Just all over my left arm

Just all over my left arm
thats cool thats like ur name
ur named after him

I wanna save up for it and find like a
really good tattoo artist
u found a guy thats like you

And get it done like...right, y'know
its kool

But I think that's a cool tattoo
thats like me and my name except i
never kno what it means
hmm nice yeah that sounds cool.
definitely get some pro on that shit
i rly wanna get some tattoos but i need
money
but OH my new friend one ov she has a
tattoo machine
and stick and poke kit i think she said i
was just gonna try and steal one
ive had a few ideas for stick n pokes for
like 6 years and never did any lol
It has been suggested by Wasson,[3]
Schultes,[full citation needed] and
Hofmann[full citation needed] that the
statue of Xochipilli represents a figure in
the throes of entheogenic ecstasy.

Yeah I need to make like...a friend with a
tattoo artist
Cause they also be giving their friends
free tattoos n shit
yeah haha
fuck this girl is so cool
not the girl ive been seeing
i havent with the cool one yet lol
i mean the other one is cool but like

Haha
luna has a stripper pole
in her house
shes the china white girl
and tattoo machine
im like what the FUCK else do you have
now everybody playing turtle yall can get
rolled
that songs about paper mario i realizd
Ah adderall nice man
My head good feel
Not too bad
my mouth is tingly like i was suckin on
acid which isnt bad rly
it feel like acid. its kind of a sickening
feeling but good like . ur tummy get tight
and you cant eat but yu dont mind
it doesnt rly help with my like attention
deficit tho lol but i rly like having a bunch
of things to do and flit around
instead of normally being bummed that i
get bored and distracted so easily
im kind of lonely and bored but its fine i

can just say and do things >_> and
occupy me

Right yeah

sorry im talking so much ;-;
no offense

No it's okay!

I don't mind at all

dont feel like u hav to respond to
everything i say haha
aw thanks good

I just can't keep up because I'm not
geeked on Addie, haha

i kinda like just like
having someone i can like
send a bunch of messages to

Trust me I've been in your spot 1000s of
times

I know how it is

and like not even care if they read them
haha just know that they COULD read
them and see them and kno the things i
said but its just ambiguous
and they could ruminate on things later
maybe and say responses later at any
time. i like how theres a future that u can
do things whenever in
haha nice ^____^ spot
chris travis is underrated honestly. like
idk how hes rated really. but like no one i
kno talks about him. hes even underrated
by ME i forget about him a lot
i mean it would be COOL if you read all
this shit like at some point later but idk if
anyone besides me ever like scrolls up
deep in conversations lol. im a creep like
that

if you dont read this of me saying you
should do that then like you wouldnt even
i said THAT so its whatever
and its all just rambling gibberish anyway
so

this is why i wanna write a book
i just wanna like lock myself in a shed
with no phone or internet just hella paper
or like a typewriter lol and a bunch of
adderall

honestly like. i really like the notebooks i
kept when i was like locked up in the
behavioral health outpatient place. i was
just like forced to be creative cuz i had
nothing else

but i like wanted to leave so bad lol a lot
of the notebook pages are just like
"FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK THIS I HATE
THIS I WANNA GO HOME LOL"
its poetry tho

actually so far my book is just a conversation i had with my friend on facebook messenger when i was on adderall. i just copy pasted it into a text document. i need more addys to keep writing
this is why we should have communism so people will give me drugs so i can like do my job for society
which is to write a book

Sfera koszmarnych kurew (horrible hoe nitemaregang kru)

shoutout Agnieszka

ahh i dunno like. so i did a box of triple cs threw up about a half hour later and it was nice, just threw up some ice cream that i had found earlier while we were celebrating saras birthday its MONDAY MARCH 12 RN but this was earlier (it's 2:35 AM currently) so yesterday i guess, march 11, sara's birthday is feb 16 but she hadn't been able to come up here with tommy together until now. anyways so i was making tea and looking for an ice cube to put in it to cool it i found a tub of ben and jerrys ice cream that me and bee and stolen like weeks ago still there. it was pretty good. And it was probably one of the chilliest, easiest, best tasting vomits that i have had. it was great, nice and easy to clean up (i was in the bathroom but initially missed the toilet) and i felt much better afterwards. ANYWAYS YEAH then like an hour after i had did my first box of trip Cs i had some tussin and nuther box then i like, figured id probably puke again so i ate some bread and stuff and it was chill until i did indeed have to throw up again then it was wack but i cleaned it up. im in a decent mood i kinda like my mom ish mood i get of cleaning things whilst starting to trip...problem is i wonder if im even going to ever ACTUALLY trip since i puked so much. its been a while and im still pretty lucid so i guess i should take some more triple cs..? and hopefully not puke this time.....BUT

NONE

OF

THAT

was the point i wanted to make...l.the whole reason that i tried to find this text document which i did so (well, ostensibly) asking my polish friend [pissmoon] the name of my self in this nitemarish document ANYWAYS YA I FOUND IT SO:

im on dxm i forget what i was gon say

ummmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm

i was thinking about bee

about working and how im useless but i did a decent job of cleaning up my puke but im separate separate separate becauses moms bath robe got dirty and there wasn't enough rags so i had to use a lot of toilet paper and also had to unclog the toilet once with the plunger tbh i didn't do a great job it was JANKY as all my jobs are but like hmm....what was the INSIGHT that i gleaned after of this yes hm..

well

like so im not tripping. I feel ok tho im glad that im typing working on my book and it was nice to talk to [pissmom] again. so i feel pretty good, also the feeling of accomplishment after cleaning up your own mess while on drugs is kinda nice haha idk. well anyways. after doing this so called 'WORK' i had some kind of thought or insight that i THOUGHT was so INSIGHTFUL that i should put it in this BOOK that i am WIRTING RITE NOW> well ok. and Nyways idk it probably wasn't that deep

basically this comes back to my theory (theory?) ok my 'theory' of mongering

just making things just to make them organizing them for the sake of having something to do idk its just whatever

basically the same reason why im writing this book EXCEPT NOT(uh, footnote??) and why u, some idiot i can't fathom to actually exist, is now reading it

OH OK so im coming back to this a few months later and i DONT THINK this was the 'insight' that i had honestly it probably was drugs giving me false sense of profundity and delusions or illusions of grandeur at the time but anyways i think that something that could be gleaned from it is that like, so all i did was make a mess and clean it up (and with questionable adequacy lol), i didn't really create any sort of positive or constructive impact or progress on the WORLD even my own small world (except) i felt better...i got a sense of satisfaction from meticulously one might say MEDITATIVELY taking care of the inevitable chaos regurgitated by my customary lapse of chemical deviancy. i didnt really 'do' anything

but even though i had what otherwise might be called an unsuccessful or even nonexistent trip i actually felt better than i had all day (i think? maybe in several days? but this was a long time ago i dont remember) SO YA

hearts book by koszmarna kurwa

yeah i just typed that lol im totally not high at all ;-;

You ever talking to your girlfriend and you feel like you're saying what the other one is thinking and it's not your words its like theirs feelings

agh eegh aergh my tummy is raising a ruckus upon me

bala is the one eyed man the pigs and accusers are the kingdom of blind JEALOUS

i dont know if he really committed the murder or not but that's not the point (altho ONE OV the points, should be, that the punitive force also doesn't know if he committed the murder or not and he shouldn't have been convicted to 25 YEARS based on speculation and circumstantial evidence alone)

i mean the judicial and prison system especially is a mess at least here in the u.s. (ill have to come back to that >_>) altho this was in poland so i can't really say that with certainty in this instance

I've also been accosted and jailed based solely on circumstantial evidence that was IN MY OPINION insufficient so i guess it's something of a sore subject for me. although, i actually did commit the crime. heh but thats NOT THE POINT anyways it wasn't murder it was something i dont think anyone should be punished for anyways and like, punishment doesn't change behavior and imprisonment generally just precipitates more crime so like. yeah

maybe i'll expand on this later or rewrite this part it's pretty rambling even for me

but if you're still reading at this point (which i'm sure you aren't) i guess you dont mind

idk like this is only my first book it doesn't have to encompass my entire philosophy and world view and thoughts on EVERYTHING but like thats just HOW I ROLL i guess. i have to be thoroughly exhaustive and exhaustingly thorough which is impossible because there's too much and i can't keep track of my thoughts and such which sucks i'm the worst kind of perfectionist in that i never finish anything because i'm never satisfied or i just feel doomed to fail so i give up. and never finish anything. wait i already said that

idk maybe this book is more poetry than prose

i think of everything as poetry

though

like everything i say n shit

maybe i already said that idk it's honestly just an excuse for why im always saying stupid shit that doesn't make sense

SORRY

what a useless word

honestly, i am inclined to believe that he did commit the murder. i wouldn't be at all surprised if he abused his wife and tortured and killed a man out of jealousy because men are like that. does that mean i think he should live the rest of his life in prison....i dont know

i dont know anything

i dont make the rules

i live by my own rules but even those i break

so idk

shit immaculate

or;

heart's book

by

koszmarna kurwa

okay so...lemme start dis off witta jk im not. gonna do that. anyways yeah so

i guess sorry isn't a useless word idk

i dont like apologizing for who i am though i dont think its good

it just feels meaningless if you just say sorry but you dont make any noticeable effort to change your behavior it doesn't really seem like you are sorry to me. its hard to change behavior tho i guess but at least try

if someone tells u you did something hurtful please dont act all sad or upset because that just makes them feel worse and scared to tell u again so please don't ever do this

say sorry but dont be like "sorry i suck" thats not a good apology at all thats like deflecting or whatever its manipulative

hey heres a song i wrote around 2011. or a poem or whatever idk.

Life is a waking dream

Sleeping lie
Lost in fog, lucidity
Try to try, scream for pity

yeah idk its whatever. i think about it sometimes though, usually the scream for pity part at the end...haha >_>
another good thing that i wrote this is just an excerpt

Seven seas between the sandstone man and me

i dunno i thought that was pretty aight.

i cant even see the things that my brain shows me sometimes its big vast intricate strange things

its familiar because ive seen them before in a dream but i forgot because it was too much

i wish i knew how to code or whatever

i want like sigils and blood drips

cackling vampires and grimacing gargoyles

hobbling hobgoblins

Oogling owls
Heart

yesss
well its a little better look now

klairvoyant

nitemarehoerealm heijitsuhiruma During the Bubonic Plague, doctors wore these bird-like masks to avoid becoming sick. They would fill the beaks with spices and rose petals, so they wouldn't have to smell the rotting bodies. A theory during the Bubonic Plague was that the plague was caused by evil...
krypticitval.tumblr.com

or dont idc

im sure ur very busy

learning dlhb songz

App you need imo
Heart

what

All*
Heart

?

o

Not at all actually
Heart

im confuzd

You've been listening to metal again lately?
Heart

mhm

Oh sorry that layout is all you need
Heart

mostly metal and jrock tbh

That is what's up
Heart

and like indie rock actually haha

Good tips
Heart

i mean still rap but mostly just lil peep and Chxpo

and lil tracy

Respect

What album should I listen to rn?

In the dm and bm realm

Was thinking Morbid Angel Covenant
Heart

Again lol
Heart

oh ok i think i can help

o loo.l....well if u wanna b BORING

then ya

WTF

album is so good cmon
Heart

yeah ik

look at that pic i just sent u and listen to all the stuff that u dont already

cuz its good

but as for metal

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=VQCLIEUkax4>

Sadistic Intent - Funerals Obscure.wmv

A long time ago, I found a pretty diamond in my favourite second hand record store, the Mini-CD of the American Death Metal band SADISTIC INTENT, titled "Anc...

youtube.com

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=SgDXNR-TF1M&t=2125s>

StarGazer - The Scream that Tore the Sky [Full - HD]

1. ...of the Sun 0:00 2. The Scream That Tore the Sky 2:55 3. One Will Always Feast 6:03 4. Insomniac Vortex 9:32 5. Harbringer 12:39 6. Ye Olde Magicks 14:...

youtube.com

Yeah whats Led Zeppelin like?

Heart

seriously listen to both of those

the second vid is a full album but i skipped it to the best song

ha ha good one. Led ZEPPELIN is DOPE

Heart

Okay so sadistic intent is fucking sick already

Heart

ikr

i mean they sound a lot like MA or incantation or whatever but like rawer and sicker and doper

Yea agreed

Heart

lmk if u want more

https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=TzDqW_tChng

コインランドリーデート

トモフスキー コインランドリーデート

youtube.com

Heart

did i ever show u arti brain or pyrexia

You peeped this before? Can't member

Yes both

The brutal shit

Heart

or proclamation or pseudogod

ya

ok what about internal bleedNG

I don't think those ones
Heart

is this where the guy goes to the laundromat

Yes lol

On a date

With laundry
Heart

yeah i remember it, it's pretty good

i like his twink voice

Me too
Heart

Mhmm ^ _ ^

wait b4 i send anything else

what about Archgoat

or Blasphemophagher

Yea I know Archgoat their amazing
Heart

k good

ya i figured u had

Not the second band though
Heart

blasphemo tho?? like best war metal band EVUR

ok dawg.....ok

Shit

I p much only know weapon

Oh shit stargazer is sick too
Heart

o weapon is dope

they aren't war metal tho

Lile skelletonwitch meets inquisition
Heart

silly : p

Aren't they??

Fuck
Heart

well i already had this link ready so <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vHpaYIXN-5U>

Proclamation - Sepulchral Carnage

Echoes of funeral bells are chiming between the graves Nocturnal yells in desecration sing a blasphemous requiem
Chants of hateful heresy surrounding at the ...
youtube.com

I always thought that's what war metal was lol
Heart

no they're just blackened deth

war metal is like bestial black metal taken to the raw extremes of death metal

Okay that's appealing lol
Heart

weapon are like death metal with black metal like riffage and keys and stuff

idk this proclamation album is just rly good background music like to do homework or fall asleep to or w/e
this is more heavy slappy <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=CPOw2wsP-ws>

Pseudogod - Azazel

from the new album Deathwomb Catechesis <http://www.hellsheadbangers.com/pseudogod/>
youtube.com

and then this is just best ever https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YkCl3r_Ayj8

Blasphemophagher - Devastating Radioactive Torments [HQ]

Track: Devastating Radioactive Torments Album: Nuclear Empire Of Apocalypse Label: Nuclear War Now! Genre: Black/
Death Metal Released: 2008 Support the bands...
youtube.com

listen to that song and this whole thing i implore you

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=VqK1KBPTFM0>

I like how sloppy proclamation is
Heart

yeah

they sound like they have hooves for hands

That's like the perfect way to put it lol

Heart

lmao

yea ik i just thought of that off tha dome

im gonna put that in my book

Heart

o yeah im writing a book.

I'll buy it

But only if you sign it in blood

Heart

ok

Cool

\$4

Heart

im just gonna copy paste like our entire fb messenger convo into it

That would be interesting

Heart

lol

it literally starts with a facebook convo with me and marcus

Like print it and just put it in a binder

Heart

my friend marcus

lol ya

Book by Heart

That's sick

dude did i ever show you this

i mean it's a really sick tat of a helicopter shark shooting a dude

but like

the storefront in the tattoo is an actual store that this guy robbed, and shot the man who's depicted standing in front. And that's how they caught him for the crime, literally he would've gotten away with it otherwise

12:36PM

lmao nice

ya....

I mean it sucks he got caught but that's a great reason to get caught

yeah haha

idk i mean he was in a gang and like. Like literally advertising a murder he committed

kinda hard to feel sympathy..lol

I don't think anyone belongs in prison

Prison

well yeah same

like it sucks

but i dunno it's pretty complicated when someones gonna like commit murder and shit. but like i guess it's just gang warfare so the police should stay out of it but like? innocent bystanders are casualties all the time

like when capo got shot some little kid died too

i mean the prison system is fucked that's a given. i rly dunno what the solution is with serial murderers and rapists other than to just, educate people from infancy to not be shitty humans who do stuff like that

I mean yeah I think it springs from poor living conditions but I feel like a person who is going to continue to commit murders even when given other opportunities is mentally unwell and should be in a mental health care facility.

but i mean ppl get killed in prison too

prison is fucked

well yeah i mean ppl who get released from prison are more likely to commit more crimes

that's like the point, its not supposed to reform. punishment doesn't change behavior

honestly "honesty is the best policy" is the best policy.
thats my policy.

i can't even see the things that my brain shows me sometimes its big vast intricate strange things
its familiar because I've seen them before in a dream but i forgot because it was too much

wanna give up but i been so hella give upped i gotta give down now. damn we out here feeling fuzzy. damn damn. is it
tru tru. can we try try. no more truth no more lies

we r luv luv

from below so above

It's cool how life's a mystery and u never know what's gonna happen next. Life's pretty dope I guess. I mean it like sucks. according to me, life is actually dope your brain just thinks its bad. I just have to trick my brain but she knows my every move.... its a tough one. The trick really is psychoactive chemicals with dissociative properties so me and me brain ain't one and the same. To be or not to be the answer is to be neither here nor there. Nor anywhere like fuckin doctor seuss. Like i don't know i feel like im losing my grip on this book being halfway decent even if you're fucked up enough to appreciate this sort of thing. i really don't wanna start just rhyming shit but at the same time rhyming is kinda dope. Like for some reason if something rhymes it feels like it's more profound or meaningful idk. Its like numerology or astrology like it seems like superstitious mumbo jumbo but i also think there's something to it because idk i fuck with mumbo jumbo. FUCK tho it pretty much took all i had to not rhyme something with mumbo jumbo that is just an accident waiting to happen

but anyways yeah ima do some dxm cuz i feel shitty and i need INSPIRED. inspiration to stop this PERSPIRATION not even tryna be clever it's hot as shit today and i wanna melt like a OH SHIT THAT just reminded me of a poem i wrote in high school. which is funny because i was about to get that notebook and show some of those poems to marcus. so i guess i'm just gonna put them in here too to fill up space cuz let's be honest i really have nothing to say and i want this to at least LOOK like a real book as far as having more than a couple pages

3/26/13 (actually its 12:16 am on 3/27)

uhhhhh

Seminal. Says this "he who has ears to hear, has no eye with which to shed a tear." What do I fear? It's always here. *HERE*. hear:

what
if ~~anything~~ everything was real, would it mean anything?

Rhetorical. Historical. Allegorical. Categorical. Swift sickle
I'm in a pickle!! =)

7/22/13

I don't want to grow up
I want to grow down
dwindle into nothing
into a little boy who still believes
who still believes in a world where everyone is friendly
and if anything goes wrong mommy and daddy will fix it.
And everything is either up close
or far away.
and I would play and sleep until the next day
finally I will jump
and
before

I	I don't want
hit	to be
the	scared
	and alone
ground	anymore.

I turn
into
leaves
and

snowflakes.

and FORGET everything.

12/19/2014

this one is a song its on my bandcamp its called new head.

i quit my job the other day
I bought a new hat to replace
the one I lost in Seattle
it was too small anyway
i like this one i
today it was my birthday
theres a pit in my stomach and it wont go away

i wrote another verse but i ended up not singing it and its like really dumb anyways idk

ok fine

my friends bring me down
I dont feel like a part of my family
but I dont want to be alone
I dont know where to go
I can't talk to anyone
Im all alone
I wish I could find a home

see i told u it was dumb -___- christ

3/12/13

I want to write poetry and songs and stories and things about my life but I never know how to start. So this is how I am starting. Today I went to Cleo's and she broke the question mark key off her computer by throwing a tissue box at it. I am happy. I might be happier than I have ever been~

every day I remember things for the last time

memories buried beneath my brain
never again to be tapped by my trees. Their roots will tunnel elsewhere for nourishment
tendrils, tentacles, sentinels, be gentle.

this is merely a rental. Don't be afraid to plunge your two favorite fingers into the back of your throat. You won't choke. You will just expel the excess necessary but not what you expect. You never really lose anything. Those memories will still be there, for centuries, until

someone comes to dig them up.

3/13/13

Drain your fluids into a vessel
she won't let go, at least I hope so
something I never really thought would happen, you know?

don't be like this
we can choose to be happy!
but you're making me feel weird

3/17/13

tonight was nice
I am really glad ~~that~~
that I
I wish we had more time.

3/18

Illusions make us happy. The truth won't make you happy. The truth is empty. But this isn't depressing. We don't need truth. Happiness itself is a kind of truth, maybe truer than anything "real"? We desire truth but we must be content to seek it & then go home and be happy.

june sometime

you promised me so much

i miss you but it's too late

life is shit.

WELL isn't that apropos cuz yeah life is shit turns out i barely have enough dxm to even like make myself sleepy with some melatonin much less even a 1st plat so like yeah. All i have is dokha and weed and like im really sick of hanging out with/fucking/giving head to shitty gross guys from whisper and grindr cuz like even the nice ones are like gross cuz guys suck. Like idk...marcus and ben are guys i guess but like not really. so ya anyways life is fucking bad bee is avoiding me bc we aren't supposed to have any contact with each other because we're codefendants in an open class C felony case and idk when like we can even see each other again and OF COURSE she fucking took my gamecube like what the fuck. Like did she not notice that I've been playing baten kaitos on my gamecube like every day the last like week idk whatever she said she wanted to play soul calibur and she gets what she wants from me always so . like yeah. idk. Like i shouldn't even be putting this in my book i just wanted to try to write to like vent but really all i have to say is life is fucking garbage and trash and full of awful shitty garbage ass and it sucks and like, i dont think this is very enjoyable reading but then again nothing is enjoyable so you might as well read this shitty book that im writing shittily cuz i might as well fucking do it I DUNNO fuck like idk.....i need to get a job...fuck...i have to go to court an like im just gonna say im a drug addict and i need help and i wanna go to rehab so hopefully i can do that instead of like 2 years or more in prison which is what i'm facing cuz its like 2 class C felony charges. Bee only has one. cuz i gave a cop a black eye...so like tbh it was worth it. He was a little baby about too and like i was high and nervous and hopped up on adrenaline or whatever so i talked to him the whole car ride even tho i didn't want to and like god cops are just the thickest densest most annoying dumb motherfuckers. Like god damn. I fucking hate them. and they're always like "well i didn't judge you for being a disgusting criminal tranny whore you're the one judging me for being a fucking cop" like um ok BYE. like i KNOW i shouldn't talk to them because they literally are not human but like i can't let it go....i hate myself sometimes...im annoying as fuck too i guess. Like fuck idk. Today sucked im fucking lonely and sober and sad and bored and i need to shower it's hot as shit and i actually kinda wanna shower so idk why i'm not because i haven't in literally months i don't even know. God damn. Fuck this book and fuck everything. Like apparently id rather sit here in bed were i spend 90% of my time typing this stupid shit about my stupid life than stand in the shower. like to be fair it's more work to do that and probably won't make me feel much better but i do feel pretty gross about not having showered in forever but like i just fucking can't get up. Like

i dont wanna do anything

except get high

or see bee

or like idk if i could hang with marcus or kitty or ben that would be cool but they all live miles and miles away and life is ass and fuck everything and i hate it and its bad and i dunno. I can't write poetry or music like i used to. FUCK. and it sucks and FUCK FUCK UFCK SHIT. idkkkkkka ahahahhahhhhhh so yeah. like i hope this has been enjoyable for you. honestly this was the most fun i've had all day. Well i dunno it was nice typing out those poems and showing them to marcus and he said he liked them like idk i always want to show my art and stuff to people and by art i mean like music drawing writing whatever but then once i actually do i get super self conscious and always assume that they're just praising it to be nice and like fuck i m so lonely but i hate talking to people its so unfulfilling it makes me lonelier. like no one ever understands each other ever ever. Literally its like that fucking KoRn song thats like a lonely life where no one understands you but dont give up because the music do. like i unironically like that song i dont give a fuck. But like i dont even wanna try to talk to or understand people for any reason because it just sucks and pisses me off and its probably my fault because im not trying im being intentionally aloof and obstinate my dad is talking to me right now about some shit thats like actually important but its about the court case shit and its stressing me out so i dont wanna stop typing and fuck i hate everything i just wanna fucking yell at him and beat someone up and cut myself and kill myself and like god. Like i'm being an asshole right now but he's not even taking the bait like i WANT to get in a fight i want to fucking yell at someone. I need to fucking vent for real and like i can't do it with music or art or words its just not enough. I dont know how to do it. like i guess this is why people go shoot up schools or marathons or whatever idk i mean i have enough empathy for human life that i would never do that i mean i dunno maybe its just me being selfish in that i would feel guilty afterward and probably spend life in prison so that would suck but like i really would feel guilty for the victims families like that would be a pretty fucked up thing to do, to kill someone just to make yourself feel ok. and it probably wouldn't even make you feel ok. I mean i just like can see how someone would try to do that cuz they run out of options i dont know what fucking option i have i really am sick of sucking dick for meth and hanging out with sketchy tweakers and just like cis men in general and honestly trans men are on thin ice i only wanna hang with trans fem ppl or no one tbh. But it fucking sucks. I miss sophie a lot. Like it still kinda feels like she's just curled up somewhere sleeping and she's gonna come into my bed and climb on my legs and meow at me like it's my fault that my legs are in the spot that she wanted to sit on and im fucking crying and like its not fucking fair and lifes never been fair but it fucking sucks and i wish i had died a long time ago and when i met bee i thought it was worth it but like idk i guess she was right that it wasn't gonna work out or maybe she didn't even think that i dunno she has a million personalities and sets of opinions and desires and always contradicts herself and doesn't remember shit and i can't keep up with her and like i dunno if its a self fulfilling prophecy or it was just doomed on its own or maybe it'll miraculously still work out somehow but like fuck

dude. how am i gonna get a job. how am i gonna like survive life at all even if i dont go to prison i dont wanna go to rehab like yeah i wanna quit meth but i wanna do like good drugs like psychs and dissos and i guess me and bee always talked about that but never did any and she doesn't really like dxm and all of a sudden she apparently hates when i do dxm which is cool because when i tell her that she can be kind of hard to be around when she's on heroin she acts like im the fucking police or something like jesus girl i know what its like im literally a drug addict like i dont care that you do heroin i dont really care that you're mean to me but like it just sucks that you somehow take offense to me doing a drug that i need to do to get by and literally all it does is just make me like quiet and stationary.... like um fucking excuse me??? for sitting there tripping??? my bad?? i dunno like i just can't do anything the way she wants. everything i do is wrong no matter what except sometimes it's good i guess it's cuz of her DID and ptsd like it's just a different person and sometimes she's a person who is offended and annoyed by everything but still expects me to tend to her every whim which i do and its my fault because i literally like enabled that and am super submissive and probably am the nicest anyone's ever been to her by far and i dont want to stop i think she deserves it and i want to make her happy more than anything but it's so draining sometimes and it just its just so fucking hard. like life sucked before and now its better but its hard and its so hard and it was too hard to get a job before how could i possibly do it now and it's not even good now because she's gone and like i just wanna fucking kill myself so i dont have to worry about this court shit or how i'm gonna get high or what i'm gonna do. Like what the fuck am i gonna do. Like nothing. im gonna shower and smoke dokha and erase my brain for like 10 seconds and then lie down and feel ok for a few minutes and then be back here again. God even just thinking about coming down makes me not wanna do it at all. Fuck. like fuck! god like realistically im not gonna shower
im not gonna do anything
i never do
im useless im a fucking lifeless broken doll and i dont even like being played with anymore i need to just get thrown away i can't even do it myself anymore cuz last time i tried and they stopped me and made me go to the hospital and like that sucked but everything sucks like fuck honestly with my luck there's either gonna be a really bullshit afterlife that sucks or else i'll get reincarnated as hellen keller or some shit. Like im just fuckin stuck and i need to pull myself up by my bootstraps which is already literally impossible because it's a metaphor but while we're extending this metaphor i also have no arms. No arms so like yeah. Think about that bitch...i gotta pull myself UP as in im stuck on the ground, i have no arms, and i have to pull myself up by my bootstraps. whatever the fuck boot straps even are i dont fucking know. Like i guess maybe i could just stand up using the power of my leg muscles solely like it'd be worth a shot if this wasn't a metaphor but would it even? cuz then id just be standing up with no arms. Life would still suck. I dont get how people like dont just kill themselves when they have a serious disability like that like i dont have any REAL problems and im always tryna kill myself. And i break one bone and freak the fuck out and like its just the worst. i can't/dont want to imagine being an amputee or whatever. i would kill myself first chance i got. Like what the fuck do those people live for or are they all just drug addicts i guess probably it seems like everyone is an addict honestly except for my parents and my sister and her boyfriend but like they're just like freakishly normal idk i was talking to this dude i met on whisper today cuz i was real sad and lonely and hit everyone up and i was telling him about bee and the felony situation and he said he literally doesn't know ANYONE who's EVER committed a crime. Like i can't even believe that that's real? like what the fuck. anyways. i dunno i mean he said he drinks so like you know im sure theres lots of law abiding piece of shit americans and whatever else kind of earthling who follow the letter of the law and are still alcoholic cuz alcohol is a fucking terrible drug and i dont know why its legal when like shit like acid and weed until recently in only a few states it makes no sense. Alcohol sucks like i'd rather be addicted to dxm or benzos than alcohol. But i'd rather fucking be dead than anything right now so idk why i dont just go kill myself. Cuz im fuckin scared i guess im a fucking pussy like everyone or maybe my life really isn't that bad i dunno how you could measure that i mean i've only seriously tried to kill myself once and like sorta tried a couple other times but like, i honestly wish that i was in that same state of mind the time i really did try to do it because i want to do it. Its just hard.....like im a fuckin pussy. Idk i mean everything is fucking scary and i've done a lot of shit i feel like people should cut me some fucking slack and i shouldn't have to work or go to court or go to jail or any of this shit and i wouldn't have to if someone would just fucking kill me. Like god. christ. I got finessed like \$40 of meth the other day which honestly is probably actually good in the long run for obvious reasons but i just fucking wish i'd gotten raped and murdered instead. like not even kidding. I dont like sex but i want to get forced to do something like i need to be told what to do but i dont even like that i still dont wanna do anything but it sucks i need people to FORCE to me to do stuff. except like i guess they did that when i got arrested and THAT fucking sucked. but like getting handcuffed and then having to sit in the most uncomfortable car seat imaginable for like 2 hours isn't gonna be fun in any sort of situation for even the most depraved masochist. like i think i mean i don't know that masochist myself it's not me i guess. I dunno i'm getting better at just accepted the situation that i'm in and just like being at peace with everything being awful shitty garbage but like, it doesn't change the fact that its shitty and so i kind of just like sit around and do nothing and try my best to not think or feel anything. Which is why i like dxm and dokha and like why i should not do meth and honestly i shouldn't do any drugs but thats impossible and theres nothing for it at all. I dunno maybe if bee was a good girlfriend but she's not (im probably not either)(she is actually great she's the best girlfriend ever i don't know why i wrote this im sorry). I love her so much but i give her so much and get so little in return just the joy i get from being around her isn't enough to like, sustain the lack of energy and motivation and serotonin that i need to keep my fucking shitty flesh machine moving and working i dont work right i dont work at all. Im like those toys from toy story that sid made. basically. i dunno everything sucks. all i do is stuff to try to get praise and attention and validation from people and then once i do get it, it just feel empty and useless and worthless as fuck. So all i wanna do is get high and kill enough of my brain that i don't remember that i shouldn't feel good and just be as blissfully ignorant as possible

and be selfish cuz i fucking deserve it and i dont care if i dont deserve it cuz like thats fucking subjective like everything so who gives a shit and im not like harming anybody like FUCK dude just fucking crucify just fucking kill me. this sucks so much god adafjkslsafasjkl; im running out of words but im scared to stop typing cuz then idk what i'll do like i feel like i have to keep moving or like i dunno its just bad its like OCD its like i dunno what happens if i break the rules cuz i can't break the rules if i dont do it then its just Bad and it's Bad and its just Bad until i can figure out how to make it stop or does on its own which takes literally Forever and idk its just Bad its just Bad. like fuck. Fucking bad.....i told that dumbass pig who got a black eye about the etymology of the word bad (baeddel which is an archaic word for tranny) and he just like laughed and said it sounded like something i read on the internet. Like are you fucking kidding me? yeah i read that on the internet??? like ok. i guess um. fucking merriam webster dictionary is wrong because it's not a piece of paper it's on a website. Like no dude. you're just in fucking denial because you couldn't handle your pathetic disgusting white knight view of the world where you're the good guy and you do the right thing and save everyone and beat the bad guys so you just justify anything with dismissive bullshit like "that just sounds like something on the internet". like ok dude. Yeah. the internet. Literally everything on the internet is wrong. But everything that a cop tells you is right. because they have a badge and a gun. Like yup thats how it works tbh bad means whatever he wants it to mean. He's good and he's nice to me he didn't judge me he just fucking jumped me and handcuffed me and bitched about a puny little black eye like he's never taken a punch before excuse me like what did you think would happen when you decided to become a fucking police officer you fucking pathetic excuse for a human being. Oh my god. and like he's tryna pull some like oh my wife is mentally ill and im just like dude i feel sorry for your wife like i literally told him "damn thats fucked up that she settled for marrying a cop". and he just laughed. i hope it kept him up at night though if his oh so painful black eye didn't. idk i mean he acted all bulletproof and good natured and whatever the fuck like when he left i was like let me know if you want me to do the other eye and he laughed at that which is what i knew he would do otherwise i wouldn't have said it but like i fucking hope it hurt. I hope he fucking questions whether he's really the Good Guys and deserves his wife and she couldn't do better than him cuz i dunno her at all but i wouldn't marry that guy in a million years. like yeah i guess if you're white and cis and straight and mentally ill a cop with a "good" sense of humor seems like a safe nice person to be with and like i dunno whatever i dont even wanna think about it cuz im sure he doesn't care at all. His biggest problem is a fucking black eye like cry me a god damn river. Go fuck yourself. Like buy my book and read this shit i'm saying about you and laugh until you cry cuz i'll fucking see you in hell. Thats what i really wanna do is make that guy and people like him fucking suffer as much as i've suffered but i can't and it's the most frustrating thing in the fucking world its like when OCD is telling me to do something that i'm physically incapable of doing and it makes my crotch feel all weird like that probably sounds weird and it is it's not like a sexual thing but i guess Freud would probably say that it is but it just feel like my legs are being pulled apart like i'm being drawn and quartered. Like fuck i wanna get tortured and shit but i do not want to be drawn and quartered. If it's anything like that. Really i just wanna fuck keep typing and hiding in these words but i'm already getting scared of them getting scared that they're Bad and evil and i'm Bad and no one should read these words and im making the world Worse by writing them but i have nothing else nowhere else to hide anymore i dont know what to do everyone is evil everything is Cursed. all i can do is accept it but the acceptance is eggshell fragile and thats terrifying too and i have to accept the terror that the fear of my acceptance being shattered is causing and like damn that's just too fucking much. Everything is too god damn much and i dont know how anyone does it and i feel like everyone wonders that too so like why are we all doing it. Why the fuck are we all fucking each other over. Like seriously just nuke everybody or fucking feed and house everybody and distribute the means of production or whatever like i dunno dude i dont know why you need political theory and shit to just be like ok money is stupid it's just paper we have food we have houses we have airplanes lets. just. help. each other. I dunno like what the fuck. What more is there to be said fucking nothing. God it makes me just as pissed as that fucking cop like i dont wanna be this angry i dont like being mad but like i dunno how else to feel i was really sad earlier thinking about Sophie and before that i was lonely and sad missing Bee and now im mad and it all sucks it all is fucking awful and i don't see an end to it and like fuck. I guess that's good because its making me write a lot which i usually don't do but like i dont even think this is usable in my book its just stupid fucking profane ranting and stream of consciousness run on sentences but like whatever its not like i care i'm not gonna edit this book at all its just fucking raw off the dome straight dope to your brain you dumb motherfucker. And no one better say this is like an experimental book or whatever i mean i doubt anyone pretentious enough to say something like that would come within a hundred feet of this monstrosity but basically it's just lo-fi low brow low IQ literature because thats all i can do and all i wanna do is just be real and just say what i want and like fuck grammar and shit what is the point of that. Rules suck unless they actually like, are in place to keep people safe and what does that have to do with the rules of language and writing and whatever i dont know like maybe something i guess i mean you could talk about how the way a specific language works affects the way people think and act like apparently people dont save money and plan for the future as well in like japan or something as they do in america because they dont use future tense or some shit like that that's probably wrong but hopefully you get the idea. BUT the real thing you should get is that that has nothing to do with what i'm talking about so i dont even know why i am EXCEPT the fact that i'm doing this does have to do with what i WAS talking about which is just that im just fucking writing whatever im just thinking on the keyboard or like probably not thinking i dunno if you could call my brain's disjointed electric whatever i can't even fucking think of a way to disparage my own mental faculties so honestly that seems like a good enough testament to whatever i was trying to say. What i am trying to say is that you can say stuff just as poorly using good grammar as bad and it's all fucking stupid garbage anyways so who gives a shit. I can't even hear or see the word "bad" anymore without thinking about the origin of it and its like pretty fucked and if you dont think its pretty fucked and if your inclination is to scoff and say it sounds like some dumb millennial internet thing then like i dont know what to tell you. That shit just sucks. Language is awful the way it makes us think. I dont believe that people are inherently good or bad at all we're just

stupid babies being mean to each other and when we try to be nice it gets like misunderstood or you know somehow it goes wrong and everyone ends up crying in the end and like im pretty sure i just quoted part of a joyce manor song which is like cool i guess i dunno. Everything is pointless. Especially nihilism that's the dumbest thing i've ever heard of is like ok so, my philosophy is that nothing matters and there's no point to anything so i'm gonna spend a bunch of time writing books about it. Like ok dude.....you really sold me on that one. Like nothing matters cuz it sucks cuz that's how i'm feeling thats my mentality right now but sometimes i do feel good and i feel like stuff matters and like you know everything is subjective objectivity isn't real nothing is real so dont worry about it or try not to or don't listen to me i don't care i'm just a fucking hedonist junkie tranny whore and im definitely Bad as shit. i'm bad at everything im not even good at being any of those things i just said that i was. Idk what i am good at like i doubt anyone reading this would say that i'm good at writing a book but i guess if you made it this far then i guess you think i have some merit...honestly just thinking that made me feel a little better. isn't it weird how an imaginary audience can give you validation like almost better than a real audience that potentially would just boo and heckle you and throw metaphorical fruit and shit it's like a placebo for human attention and its kinda nice sometimes which is why i talk to myself and keep to myself most of the time but like i dunno i guess there must be something to this "reality" shit because i always end up feeling sad and lonely and empty and those are pretty Real feelings and Bad ones too and i want humans to like me and say i'm good or even just say anything do anything to me just dont leave me im so scared of being alone but i want to be alone cuz i'm scared of people i hate how much power people have over me but like they don't even its just my own brain doing it to me i also fucking hate how people say like "fear is only in the mind" i might have already said this but like too bad cuz i aint proof reading or editing shit bitch in any case fear is NOT only the mind at least not the kind of fear I get that fear is in my tummy like a rock or a knot or stomach virus and in my skin like an unbearably hot humid august afternoon except im cold usually and even when im not that scared i sweat and it sucks being cold and sweaty it's fucking awful. Basically i guess this whole chapter or whatever (chapter? what's that) is just me complaining. But like....even if fear was only your head like so what? is your head somehow less real or less important than any other part of you? like your brain is just electrical signals like i was trying to cleverly allude to earlier we are basically just robots made of carbon and water with flesh computers telling us what to do based on like, atoms bouncing around or whatever okay and i'm gonna come back to that little discussion about free will cuz i think it's like kind of interesting but i dont want to lose your attention in this vast run on sentence that you probably already forgot was about because i did but i just remembered it's about fear being in your mind and the point is fear sucks wherever it is. Like idk i guess it's better to try and talk yourself out of being afraid than just being pessimistic about it but i dunno i fucking hate being scared all the time. Like i dunno about you but pretty much everything i ever did i was really scared and had to do it anyways and it sucked or else i ran away and didn't do it and that sucked too cuz i was like disappointed with myself and probably suffered whatever consequences of not doing said thing and people are mean to you usually when you're too scared to do something and that sucks. Everything sucks dude. I dunno. Like quit reading this and go kill yourself or shoot up or something. I mean ok while you're obeying my every command go to the gym or whatever, or better yet send me your social security number and credit card information. Ha ha yeah i had to make one of those jokes i guess. Maybe i should do some proofreading and take that out cuz now i really do want to kill myself. I mean not like i didn't "really" want to before i dunno. im still just sitting here typing. my mom came and reminding to do something that i hadn't forgotten to do i just hadn't done it and then my dad came and said something and literally i had to like burrow into some pillows and get into the fetal position until he went away. Why am i like this i dont know. Like i think currently i'm really dependent on typing to maintain a manageable anxiety level and if something horrifying like another human shows up and starts talking i can't focus on typing and i also feel vulnerable and exposed so i have to run for cover so to speak. It sucks my hands are starting to cramp but im literally scared to stop it's kind of fucked up haha. Like i dunno i guess i'm kind of glad that i've written so much. I'm probably gonna be afraid to read back what i've written though...like i really should just cut it. But like the whole point of this book was it was just gonna be me thinking and talking and just saying whatever i usually do so i might as well just keep everything i have. Like i dunno dude you didn't have to read all of it or any of it you could have skipped to the next chapter which i'm sure is gonna be way way way better and knock your socks off metaphorically speaking of course. Also of course, but not metaphorically, although the speaking is metaphorical because i'm typing but to share a secret with you it's actually not because i'm like whispering out loud the words that i'm saying for whatever reason i couldn't say, but to end this sentence, assuming i haven't killed myself by the time i get around to writing the next chapter. Also, i didn't even know that this book even had chapters until this one so maybe this is the only one and the rest of the book surrounding it is like an amorphous blob of prologue and epilogue or some kind of log. I do like to think of the stuff i write as a log like i dunno sometimes when i'm tripping i'll write "captains log" before writing something and it's very fun. I feel like a spaceman and it's great. Or like chistopher columbus except im not going to like destroy an entire continent's worth of civilization, although hopefully i will see a UFO like christopher columbus did (i swear to god they bring up the fact that he saw a UFO in like every single episode of Ancient Aliens. I love that show but it is so repetitive like i dunno that's another thing that sucks about capitalism is instead of just making like 30 episodes of all original content they have to make like 100 that are full of recycled content often literally using the same clips and voice overs word for word and it's....sucks.) i forget what i was saying. Oh yeah fuck this chapter over

hello. im starting the next chapter immediately because i still dont want to get up. But like i should. so im gonna. bye

idk like honestly, dont do meth its probably never a good idea

I've never shot heroin and like i wouldn't do that unless i was literally about to off myself

i thought meth would be cool tho and it was like idk but it sucks. Like dokha got like that too but it was pretty easy to just stop cold turkey and just suffer through it i mean it sucked idk life sucks seems like its getting worse tho

i dunno like my life got better since i met bee but it was like hers didn't and she just kept asking more of me and like idk it's not like i was opposed i can't say that she coerced me into shoplifting this last time that we got caught. there were times when i did it just because she wanted me too and i didn't and i was scared and sad but this time i actually wanted to and i was stoked and i got a lot of tight shit and like it really sucks. I can't blame her and i dont want to but like i dunno. i dunno if we should be together or not. A lot of times i feel like she doesn't really listen to me or care about my feelings she only cares about whether or not my feelings are going to affect her like she only wants to pacify me for her own safety and comfort and not out of any compassion or love for me. Which is fucked but honestly i couldn't blame her if that's the case cuz like idk, she was abused, a lot

and she tried to tell me that it's not my job to take care of her and i wouldn't be able to save her and i told her that i didn't care and i didn't care i just loved her so i tried anyways i just wanted to be with her and i still do but maybe i have to give up. It wouldn't be the first time. i was kind of hoping it would be the first time that i DIDNT give up

i dunno. so like i didn't really have a plan for this book other than i wanted to write a book. i want to finish it. I think it'll make me feel really good if i can accomplish it and like actually FINISH it to a point where it FEELS finished and COMPLETE which is why i'm being sloppy and carefree and i don't know, reckless? cavalier? lol about writing it cuz if i have ANY rules about what it means for it to be finished i definitely won't be able to follow all of them completely and won't be able to finish it and that'll suck. So like it's gotta be perfectly imperfect. But anyways, so i didn't have any sort of goal or theme or any particular thing i wanted to write about which i feel like is kind of cool cuz idk any books like that although of course there's probably a reason that there aren't any books like that. I mean if there are, and they're any good, let me know >_> but like i feel like i do want to answer some kind of question or reach a conclusion or prove a point with it besides just, proving that i can write a book about nothing and feel ok about it. But that's a rule. And i don't want to make a rule because if i think about having to try to reach some profound resolution it feels so far away and like idk what kind of deep meaningful thing i could come up with and it's just overwhelmingly daunting so if i try to do that i definitely never will succeed. So, hopefully i'll just accidentally stumble upon something halfway decent along the way. Who knows, maybe i already have >_> i mean of course i have, everything i say and every thought i have is vastly profound and important. like you should read this book like a hundred times cuz every sentence every word every LETTER is of critical, MOMENTOUS significance. im not even fucking joking dude. like idk if you were as dope as me you would understand. its honestly not hard. Like just recognize the significance of little things. It's dangerous tho its a dangerous game. So dont read it a hundred times like maybe 5 or 6. i dont like how much significance and importance i see in minuscule details i've pretty much been trying to learn to ignore it my whole life, and like, kind of made progress i guess idk. Like i dunno. Books are good. i used to read books all the time it was like my thing. I asked my sister to teach me how to read when i was in preschool i think i was 3 and since then i just like devoured books. When i started smoking weed though or maybe even before like i dunno high school was a pretty big transition from middle school for me cuz i went from being in a class of 28 kids in a school of like 230 or so to a class of like 300 out of 1200 students total. Which is all pretty irrelevant information sorry i forgot to tell you to skim over that. But yeah so i stopped reading as much and now it's harder to focus cuz of drugs and my attention span just deteriorated a lot i think working in restaurants washing dishes fucked it up too cuz i had to constantly run around thinking about the next 5 things i had to do after i did whatever i was doing and it also just sucked and made me start smoking weed every day and drinking a lot and eventually smoking dokha every day and moving on to hard drugs and stuff. So i dunno. i loved books they were the best. Would i still enjoy them as much if i had had a healthier lifestyle and not done drugs since then? i have no idea. like maybe i liked them because they made me excited about what life was gonna be like and life would have still been the big disappointment it was (much bigger if i didn't ever get high, lol) but like, i guess in that case i would probably read even more to escape from reality? but thats just sad. But like, i am sad. I just use drugs to escape from reality which is probably a lot less healthy and more sad. So anyways. I hope this book doesn't make you sad. It sucks when you've been addicted for a while and you just start to recognize the addiction in every single thing like if it's enjoyable, you know you'll just drain all the fun out of it until it's a husk of crushing despair. Like i kind of felt the seeds of this when i was a kid like you know, it was always bitter sweet when you finished a great book or beat a video game but you knew there were more books and games that could be even better. With drugs its never gonna be as good as the first time. i dunno. at least with the "bad" drugs. dont do opiates or amphetamines that shit is just a black hole. I think psychedelics and dissociative honestly can be healthy positive and like, fucking fun and amazing things if you do them "correctly" i mean, i have no idea what that means and i'm sure i'm not doing anything correctly. But whatever. im done doing meth and im not gonna do any opiates until i get surgery which im gonna stay alive for. Cuz who knows if it'll be worth it, but AS I ALWAYS SAY there's only one way to find out. bitch

we only knew 1 way
we we we

ah fuck i always hate when people ask me what my favorite so and so is like favorite movie tv show color word or

whatever cuz 1. im not good at making decisions or playing favorites and 2. it just puts me on the spot and my mind goes blank. last time someone asked me what my favorite word was and i was like "ya." which honestly was true at the time and it's still one of my favorite words. BUT i just thought of one of my favorite words that i don't always use and i hope i remember it next time someone asks me that question which probably will never happen because like honestly i can only that one time that it ever did it's like kind of a weird question i guess. i dunno maybe not. SHUT UP HEART WHO CARES the word is "troublesome" i love saying....troublesome...idk theres like kind of a certain way you say it but like it's not like extremely specific like you probably say it the same way i do. but i dunno it's just fun. If something is troubling or vexing or even bemusing me it just feels good to be like "hm, that's troublesome". so yeah good fucking word DONT USE IT ITS MINE YOU'LL RUIN IT YOU FUCKERS

it's already lost some of its shimmer and sheen just from me mentioning it in my book :'(damn placebo audience

shimmer and sheen? glimmer and gleam...? or like a combination of the two
i dunno you pick. choose your own adventure

i actually did take a shower

my book is fuckin great im tha best shoutout to me. lma save the world

ya

all troublesomes are gettin....pummeled some...and then some more...ya

but yeah i still wanna talk about that Amok dude and about free will and shit but it's late and im tired. I still wanna get high but like idk last time i smoked dokha it wasn't even that tight and it doesn't sound super appealing rn but like idk it kinda does actually lmao but like today was one of those days where i kinda got a sore throat from talking to myself under my breath

does that happen to anyone else? >_> idk i whisper to myself all the time i feel like i'm not the only one but its mortifyingly embarrassing when i don't realize that someone else is in earshot like i never know if they heard what i said but i just assume they do and its just the worst.....its like the worst feeling ever

idk what the worst feeling EVER is that one is pretty bad like its worse than physical pain i'd take that any day. Physical pain is dope usually except if its like teeth or mouth related, genitalia related or like a headache. everything else is A+.
but im sure you're not here to hear about that this isnt venus in furs or whatever

idk why you are here tho

like you probably aren't. Like i'm annoying right? idk >_> in middle school EVERYONE said i was annoying and like i made friends in high school but i was still kind of a weirdo freakazoid type and like now i have real friends that im pretty sure are being honest when they say i'm not annoying but like theres no way that im NEVER annoying. idk like i understand that most people will pretty much never do this but i actually want people to be honest and just tell me if i'm annoying them and like tell me to shut up. like idk....its kind of one of those things where i want them to say it because i KNOW its true but then if they do it makes me feel shitty. I dunno like that's one of the things i love so much about Kit and why we're bffs is like he knows that she can just tell me to shut up and leave her alone and i will and he knows that i know that it doesn't mean we're not friends and we still love each other it's just like. sometimes your friends are annoying. sometimes EVERYTHING is annoying. sometimes you dont wanna talk or listen or do anything and it's fine like i wish people wouldn't take stuff so personally but i am guilty of that too, i mean we all just have low self esteem at least like me and all my friends do. But for some reason me and kitty just have this understanding that like, its always gonna be cool no matter what. I wish me and bee had that. Like i try and try to tell her that i'll always love her and always be there for her no matter what but i think it's just impossible for her to believe it and i understand that too because i'm pretty much the same way. I mean even with kitty i have to ask sometimes if he hates me but like i know he's gonna say of course not bitch duh so i usually dont ask cuz i just know. But the fact that bee never knows is scary and it makes me start to doubt stuff too like idk she kind of brings out the fragile vulnerable side of me like i feel like i am in tune with her but in a different way than it is with kit...well its like bee like always assumes that i'm upset or sad or mad at her but i'm not but she doesn't believe me and she gets bummed and that makes me bummed and its just like a downward spiral. But like we're getting better at not doing that or like catching ourselves and saving us before it gets bad and she has to leave. But even when she leaves she always comes back. She always comes back because i love her and even if she doesn't believe it i think she knows still some part of her believes it because it's true because i do because i know that part of her and i love it and i love her and she has to know because she's her and i'm me and this probably sounds really fucking dumb if you aren't a gay girl but like if you aren't a gay girl thats just a bummer idk what to tell u like get well soon i guess.

i dunno

its hard because im broken and weird and bee is weird and real fucked up and like its impossible sometimes but its never the end of the world we are just fragile and sensitive but all we ever do is just step on each others toes and we're getting better and gentler i think its gonna work i have to believe that we can make it work cuz im gonna do it or die trying she's the only one

i dont wanna be alone

and i dont wanna work i hate work id rather die but bee is the only thing i've ever done this much for idk if its work its effort all the energy i dont even have and it takes all my everything all my spoons and i wouldve given up by now if i was gonna give up im never gonna give up on her. I mean it when i say im gonna be here no matter what i wanna be with you forever

like sorry if you aren't bee reading that was probably like weird idk. im gonna keep it in the book tho! cuz thats just how it is.

like books are weird idk they got all kinds a wacky shit in books....like fuck i dont care if you dont like my book im writing it for me and for you you know who you are so i dont even gotta say this corny shit. Idk. like i dont even know what a book is just like i don't know what a relationship is. Its just whatever you just do stuff and then you call it a word. im just typing all this shit on my computer and calling it a book. i just hang out with bee and say gay shit and shes weird and amazing and cute the cutest and the hottest and she calls me her girlfriend and that's the best feeling ever and that's what it means i guess. Its so weird to me that people think sex has anything to do with a relationship

sex is just a thing

like a book doesn't need the word "troublesome" to be a book. this book has it. but theres lots of words it doesn't have, i can't tell you what they are though unfortunately. Fortunately, i like the word unfortunately and i really like the spanish word for it, desafortunadamente. it's fun

but yeah

i mean sex isn't just a word its much scarier words are fun and some are kinda scary but nothing like sex i dont really like sex its too scary and not fun and its awkward and uncomfortable and makes me anxious and worry that i'm doing it wrong and like idk. Some parts of it are enjoyable but its not like intimate to me. i like being told what to do and made to do stuff and stuff done to me and mean stuff and torture and pain but like idk. I couldn't do that kind of thing to bee so i don't want to ask her to do it to me. Honestly its so good that we dont do sex like ever cuz its scary and the stuff we do is way better and more intimate like holding her hand is the best feeling in the world and the sounds she makes when i rub her back in the right spots and like all the things she does and smells and feels like and looks like and everything is just the best it doesn't matter as long as she's comfy like why would i ever wanna do something that she didn't like that's ridiculous because i wouldn't enjoy it either it'd be sketch cuz like thats the last thing i ever wanna do is make her feel bad....i dont get (straight) people who like bug their partner about sex like its so weird to me sex is just a way to get money or drugs its work and why would you want someone you love, your partner your best friend, to work and do something they don't wanna do just so you feel good. I dunno tho i guess i do stuff i don't wanna do to make bee feel good. I guess that's bad. I dunno. She like never feels good though so i want to help it makes me feel good if i can help so i think it's good. and like. i dont like doing anything but doing stuff with her is always ok even if its scary its better than not being with her i mean i dont have to be with her all the time. Like i dunno i've always been super alone like all the time so im just used to it and being around people is scary even if it's her its like exciting and scary but in a good way but we both need time alone and thats good. I think we are good and we're gonna not die and we're gonna get married and get old and i'm writing about in my book cuz its gonna happen dang thats scary and exciting. I put that poem in here right? i'm gonna put it again just because it's weird because it's written about bee almost 5 years before i met her but i dreamed about her at least 3 or 4 years ago and she dreamed about me she said that's why she came to portland for no reason other than she had a dream that she should come here and then i was here and like yeah it makes sense because we were waiting and looking for each other and then we found each other, it took kind of a while but like that's how it goes i guess. I desperately wish that i had been there sooner and saved her from at least some of the bad stuff that happened but its pointless to wish

so instead i'll give you this poem again

Drain your fluids into a vessel
she won't let go, at least I hope so
something I never really thought would happen, you know?

Wow that really felt like a chapter too like even had a good conclusion. This probably isn't a great way to start a new chapter it's pretty awkward but like, starting stuff is always awkward and i'm always awkward and so are you probably so just like fuck it dude its not the end of the world. I like saying that and it's funny to me because even the end of the world isn't the end of the world. Cuz if the world ended we'd all be dead and gone and it'd be like, ok, so what, who cares, no one around to worry about it. Or even if we survived then it'd be like mad max or whatever and i dunno i GUESS you could say that thats the end of the world but like WHATEVER. the point is being awkward is a lot better than being a lot of other things that you could be. A lot of people like awkward people. I mean there's kind of a broad spectrum of people inclined toward awkwardness and no one can get along with everyone (i assume, it'd be hard to prove though) but like idk i generally think it's cute and endearing and like honestly reassuring if someone is awkward cuz im like oh dude me too, like its ok relax i know that people are scary and everything is scary but im nice or at least i'll be nice as long as you are and awkward people generally are nice i think. I dunno i honestly think that i am too gullible

and trusting in people. I really want to believe that people are good or at least neutral natured at heart, but even if that's true a lot of people have hardened their hearts enough that they can do all kinds of fucked up evil shit to you and some of them anything to anyone. Well maybe. That's also hard to prove but it's ok cuz i don't really wanna know. Like i know you can't trust anyone but it hurts my heart too much to not trust anyone i have to at least pretend to trust
i do stupid things that i know are stupid because im lonely
i dont usually think about the future because i usually feel like i have nothing to lose in the present
it's never true though. Like dont ever think you have nothing to lose because i keep thinking that and i keep losing everything again and again
i won't let go, i hope she hopes so
i don't know
if i'm a good rope
depends on where you wanna go

i wish she was here right now. Then i wouldn't be writing about her. I don't know. i guess its good that i'm writing this book is kind of all i have right now
i mean it's not. But nothing matters much
of course i have plenty to lose. If i lost my phone, my computer, my ds (bee already took my 3DS and my gamecube) and my family.....i didnt think sophie would just die like that
like
just die
i knew that people just die sometimes and you can't always know it just happens and sophies a cat but she was a person to me but better because she didnt use words or ask me for anything other than food and water and she was good and sweet and soft and she liked to sleep in my bed with my all the time and now she just isn't here and isn't anywhere and isn't gonna be anywhere any time ever and pj is just one cat there's only one cat now and like i dont know. Its not right its not fair
i wonder what pj is thinking i hate wondering because its just as bad as wishing and you can't help doing it anyway but cats are good
they dont have to have words
i talk to them with my words but no one understands my words anyways but with cats it doesn't matter
maybe if you're reading this book you think you understand my words or maybe not but even if you think you do maybe you don't and maybe it doesn't matter and maybe you're a cat and maybe i am too but we definitely are not dead. At least you aren't since you're reading this and i'm not since i'm writing it. So i dont know. I am a little kid i dont know how to feel stuff right i cried a lot but i barely remember crying i remember taking her outside to the lawn cuz she never got to go on the grass except i think one time she snuck out but was too scared to go anywhere and it was so fucked up and sad because i knew she was gonna be gone by the next day and it was like she knew too i thought she'd be happy to be outside but she kept making this noise that i'd never heard before i dont know i guess she was just in pain it probably didn't have anything to do with being outside
but it was like
i dunno
sometimes i think about what its like for my parents to watch me die before they thought i would and do and say things they never thought i would and be someone they didn't think i'd be and i'm sure it's sad and hard and sucks but they chose to have kids. and they didn't give up even though it could have been really fucked up. They should have known what they were getting into but there's no way you can REALLY know just like i didn't know what would happen with bee i just knew i wanted it to happen and even though it's really hard and sad and sucks i'm glad it happened and i wish she understood that
i dont regret anything
regretting is like wishing and wondering except i think it's possible to just not regret something because even if it didn't turn out how you wanted you did what you did and it already happened and all you can do now is whatever you can do and it's not the end of the world. so stop wishing and wondering and go find a world before it ends

Yeah....a person is a world. i kno alot people that say they dont BELONG in the WORLD and i feel the same..a lot of the time i feel that way...but dude we r all just r own worlds bumping around
like pascals sphere
SIGH ok if u really dont kno what pascals sphere is (psh) its just like. A sphere with center everywhere and circumference nowhere. It's like an analogy for god or something. But really what it means is god is everything, the whole universe is made of single points that are everywhere and fill it all up and each one of them is the center, none of them are any more or less anything or nothing or whatever they're all just what they are and what they are is the universe. Like Simurgh. It's what we are. No one belongs really we just gotta figure it out
how to bump around harmoniously
like the Ainulindalë
and of course there's chaos and discord
interestingly enough i don't think humans "belong" on earth because we aren't from here....the "god" of discord, lucifer, prometheus, the bringer of fire, the serpent of knowledge tried to help us but it was too late because we were all messed

up like the guy in Flowers for Algernon. Ignorance is bliss etc. but i dunno theres people who think we can decalcify our pineal gland and do all that enlightenment shit and get it back without being like, animals, you know, troglodytes or neanderthals etc. which i guess makes sense if you know what i'm talking about. Kitty thinks that too that if we keep leveling up we'll unlock our superpowers and i mean you know the scientists n shit say that we dont know what like 95% of the genes in our DNA code is for and we only use a tiny fraction of our brains so i mean who knows. Kitty told me he could fly or like she's levitated before and i believe him....because i've seen someone become invisible, literally, i knew they were there but my eyes couldn't see them. I don't expect you to believe me and i don't know if i do cuz i do hella drugs and im mentally weird and so is kit and like people are afraid to believe in that kind of thing for some reason. I hate it. That people will mock and ridicule you for believing in something "irrational"... i dunno i think as long as it's harmless you can and should believe in whatever you want especially women

it just feels like such a male thing to say oh you're just a silly woman you're crazy or superstitious or whatever you know like how SO many dudes have a "crazy ex" (or multiple) but of course they never need to examine their own behavior and like the reason why the woman broke up with him....he just dismisses her as the irrational one and i think stuff like esp and astrology and tarot cards and stuff like that are definitely associated with women and not with men but even other women will belittle and dismiss it as hocus pocus and mumbo jumbo when it's not like anybody understands shit about quantum physics and string theory except for the physicists and shit who tell us about it. and they scientists so we listen to them but like, i dunno, again i'm probably too inclined to trust people but what can i say i'm irrational. i think if someone thinks something is important enough to have all this research and information and stuff about it and tell people about it when they're not even making money, or even if they are it's not like being a fortune teller or psychic is a lucrative career. except the ones on tv i guess if those are even still around but like that doesn't count. my aunt was a professional psychic and she was on tv once and it was cool but like she wasn't a celebrity and she wasn't rich and she just knew a bunch of cool stuff and had crystals and different rocks and gave them to me and my sister and told us shit and like. It's a scientific fact that crystals have power, can transfer energy and store data, and like i said before the whole universe is just one thing. i think humans are connected and all living things are connected and probably everything living or not cuz we're all made of starstuff that used to be just one point to begin with so why not. It just makes me sad because i do it to MYSELF as a woman and im sure we pretty much all do, tell ourselves we're irrational or crazy or stupid for believing in something that doesn't mesh with the status quo of how things are supposed to work. But ask any of those super smart quantum physicists and they'll tell you; NO ONE knows how things work, really. All we have are a few millennia of theories put together from a few sloppy experiments done by people who didn't know what they were doing and didn't agree with each other and didn't remember or never knew what someone else had figured out the century before and basically reality is a myth and science is whatever you wanna think it is it's just a word like a book or a fuck and i'm so sick of people being dicks about people (women) who believe in astrology or fairies or ghosts or ancient aliens or whatever because i think that shit is cool and a lot of it seems just as plausible as anything else and literally the stigma affects our self esteem and makes us be mean to ourselves in our own heads for no reason. I mean it's part of a larger system of misogyny yeah but like idk how to dismantle that you can figure that out and i'm gonna watch ancient aliens and read about my star signs and have my precognitive dreams and let myself be crazy and irrational and gullible and BELIEVE and have FUN. so bye

disclaimer tho some of that kind of conspiracy theory type stuff (as with pretty much anything) is infiltrated and infested with men and racists and nazis etc so watch out. Idk like if someone starts talking about globalism or cabals or whatever thats a pretty big red flag that they just hate jews and THATS fucking irrational. People say that the ancient astronaut theory is racist though because they're saying that like, ancient people (aka nonwhite/non westerners) couldn't possibly be capable of the feats of engineering and architecture that were left behind from their civilizations BUT THE THING IS, literally all of those cultures (a lot of which still exist today? so i think its kinda ignorant to be like "oh the ancient whoever native people did this or that and i know all about it cuz i read a history book") TOLD US that they were visited, taught, and in many cases created by people who came from the sky or the stars. Like, they just straight up said that in all the shit they wrote, and the people who have lived in the southwestern united states and central america and australia etc for thousands of years and all their history is oral tradition and they'll tell you that their ancestors told them that they came from the stars. And i'm just like why would they lie about that? in any case, whether or not it's true, i dont really get how its racist to say aliens helped build the pyramids but its somehow NOT racist to say all of these indigenous people and ancient people are/were either big fat liars or fucking delusional. Like come on. Like ok i dont just believe everything i hear and read but like literally that's the only way to know anything about history, either live for thousands of years so you actually know for sure or you read what people wrote and listen to what they said happened. So like, whatever. History is a myth too. Or it's a flux. Which is a good word, flux

idk i just think its shitty to be mean and make fun of people for what they believe if it's harmless i mean like if they're white people with dreads who just like do acid and dmt all the time and say namaste thats different but honestly those people are pretty harmless too. They're just fucking annoying but like they'll usually smoke you out hella much and like probably sell you good lucy and are potentially easy to gank and finesse. But dont do that that's mean : (even tho they're like racist....so yeah....hippies are wack but at least they're usually friendly and generous there are worse kinds of racists and also worse drugs that sketch people could do that make THEM the ones likely to be robbing YOU. but dont judge people for doing drugs either i mean idk just be realistic. Junkies be junkies tweakies be tweakies and deadhead hippies are idiots but honestly same. I can't say im better than any of them and i just dont like putting people into categories and assuming things stereotyping etc it just seems like a fallacy i also really like the word

fallacy because it feels very correct to me because like, it's something you fall into. A fallacy. Dont want to fall into that hole of thinking, cuz then you'll start judging yourself too and just doing all kind of unnecessary things and making a general mess of things and its just like...idk...i feel you could avoid unnecessary suffering by keeping an open mind i know that's a cliché and everyone probably thinks that they are open minded but THAT is a fallacy cuz you can never be too open minded. If you fall into the trap of thinking "i'm open minded and i'm a good person, i passed the test and now i'm Good" then you won't notice when you do make judgments and assumptions that you wouldn't have expected to be fallacious because there's no way you can prepare for everything and that's you have to KEEP opening your mind, you can't just open it once and be done. Like i feel like if you think you're a really good righteous person chances are you probably are falling into some fallacious thoughts and behaviors. Cuz you got blinded by the light of your own supposed goodness and cleanliness but its like u can't just take a shower once and be clean forever. Although that's kind of what i do sometimes >_> but i took a shower today

i hope i'm not rambling too much like i promise i'll tie up MOST of the loose ends and finish PRETTY MUCH every thought that i start pontificating on about and idk. i swear i dont think im like smart or right about everything or anything or anything. I mean i'm like dope and clever and funny but im pretty sure i am annoying and suck and am the worst but i'm also pretty sure that's not really true but like i'm just having fun and who knows you might learn a thing or two along the way! and the real treasure is the words in the book that i wrote that you're reading

idk honestly dont read this book too closely or remember anything that i said it's probably all nonsense and i'm embarrassed that you're even reading it so like idk. just forget we even did or said any of this i wasn't here you weren't here and i definitely didn't try to end this sentence with a clever joke or jest

Damn how long is this book gonna be. Fuck. i feel like its barely even getting going. But like that always fucked me up i mean i could read like 3-400 page book in a day when i was a kid but if i tried to write a book i pretty much always got stuck and gave up or lost interest before 10 pages. But like it was probably because i was just trying to write lord of the rings or eragon or wizard of earthsea or whatever instead of writing my own shit. Like. i dont think i could write a novel. I dunno. maybe ill try if i ever finish this book and am still alive afterward >_> but probably not. i should though. but i'm too self critical i judge the shit out of myself and thats why i think its so important to not judge others because if you spend your time judging others you'll inevitably end up judging yourself the most. And thats no good then you fall into the biggest yonic fallacy of them all and get paralyzed by your own judgment of everything you do and you'll be afraid to do anything and you'll forget how to have fun and be yourself and it sucks like. Happened to me dude. Im still tryna get over that kind of thinking....it sucks. I dunno maybe the book is done right here and now i'm all out of things to say currently. I guess you would know if there's more to it but i have no clue 0_0 help

nah that would be lame if it ended there right?? i dunno i feel like im gonna keep feeling like i still have to say something REALLY dope and i'm never gonna do it..and even then like, should i just end the book once i say the super sick deep profound thing i'm probably not gonna come up with? or like round it out with some more rambling. i guess i'll never know like maybe i'll just keep writing this book until i die like Zampano or that guy from garden of forking paths

god i feel so fucking awful i wanna die so bad like i shouldn't be writing this because im not supposed to take anything out but i guess that's a rule and im not supposed to have rules but like idk i just like can't do anything other than write like everyone is either asleep or ignoring me and i hate myself and i suck and im annoying and im stupid and my arms hurt and my back and neck hurts and i feel like shit and i feel bad and idk what to do and like fuck and like fuck and like fuck this and like fuck idk and this is shitty and like fuck. I just wanna like talk to someone but im afraid and scared because im pretty sure that anyone that i talk to will just leave me feeling stupid and embarrassed and lonely afterward

i dunno im definitely writing a book the wrong way i guess i was trying to prove that theres no wrong way to write a book but honestly i dont even know if thats true. BUT THERES ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT but sometimes its not worth finding out. like i always say that when its like hmm if i do these 3 drugs together will it be fun or will it be sketch or will i like die WELL ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT. but like idk nothing matters so idk if it was worth it or not

im falling into a fallacy

the worst kind because it's not fallacious

its yonic

like its fun and good to say that words are just words and reality is subjective and it means whatever you want but it can be scary cuz if nothing means anything then my thoughts are meaningless and im just completely lost like frodo im naked in the dark i can't recall the taste ov food no veil between me and tha wheel of fire which didn't make sense because he said he was in the dark but there's a wheel of fire i guess the fire is like the non-illuminative kind

i dunno

writing is helping me i guess but its like all i can do and its not like great. Like i dunno

what did i use to do
did i ever feel ok
i think i use to feel better than this most of the time
im not sure
i know i felt bad a lot in high school but i think it was a lot better than now but like i honestly couldn't say for sure which sucks because it's just like that american football song which is dumb because i only listened to that in high school
i had that record and i sold it on ebay for like nothing because i forgot the default for a listing is an auction i was gonna change it if it didn't get any bids but forgot and someone sniped it so they got it for like \$5 counting shipping and i had to pay MORE than that for shipping because this story stupid and no one cares

i was trying to make money because me and bee were like
idk
we were gonna save money
for something
like to move out
fix her car and move out
she fixed her car
but then she said she had to fix some other part of it
theres a picture on my phone of an ad she made trying to sell the car tho
like obviously to buy dope

like i dunno i assume she still has it right now cuz she did a few days ago but i don't even know. I dont know if she still has my gamecube like the box for baten kaitos isn't here and idk why she would take that it makes no sense because she said wanted to play soul calibur which i don't even have but like baten kaitos is my friend's that im borrowing like that would suck if she sold it i mean it would suck anyway because its fun i wanna play it i dont want to be thinking thoughts like this about my girlfriend selling my stuff to buy heroin but like this what junkies do and shes a junkie like i guess i need to face reality but i dunno didn't i say that reality is a myth and you can't put people in boxes i dunno i dunno

it sucks just being here alone with my thoughts and just writing because she won't talk to me no one talking to me im falling doubts creeping in they are coming in falling in like fallacies like sand through and hourglass like quicksand and i can't get out its not like a puzzle i can solve everything feels like a puzzle i can't solve but that i will figure out someday but this is like im just stuck and now my words aren't even making sense im writing the wrong things and i dont know where i am and im just gonna be repeating myself but i dont want to stop because when i closed the computer and just lay down i felt so awful but i couldn't move it took forever to just get up and get on the computer again like i feel so bad but nothing i can do to feel better except for like meth i guess but i know thats not really gonna help at all and like everything sucks and like fuck. Like.....fuck. Ive written so much today but it's all complete shit. I don't know. Like it's fine cuz i knew no one would like my book anyways i just wanna be cute and stupid but im not cute enough or stupid enough but im not anything enough or nothing enough

i dunno like i would sell something to buy heroin too
but i cant even do that
it probably wouldn't even be good
i suck at shooting up anyways like i dunno i swear i didn't miss last time i did meth but i barely felt shit at all and it was supposed to be good but like the dude who picked me up clearly just finessed me and who knows if the other guy was in on it or not like i dont know im just a dumb tranny im just a fucking mark like fuck im so done with whisper and sucking dick and trying to be a whore like i suck at that too i cant do anything right and bee knows it and thats why she doesnt want me to be around

im just like a bimbo eye candy trophy wife except not even
idk

i wish i was i wanna be really hot and really stupid
like i guess im gonna smoke dokha because theres nothing else at all except cutting i guess
i wish i had dxm to destroy brain cells

i want to get rid of them i want to get rid myself of my self

like sorry you're reading this like idk if ur just doing it out of pity or like masochism i cant imagine its enjoyable to read like i dont wanna read this again ill probably just delete it or just delete the whole damn document and write a suicide note instead

like idk

i probably won't do that because i dont know for sure

whether bee is real or not

or if anything is real

or who i am or where i am or whats happening or whats gonna happen

its too scary to do anything

its still dark but the birds started chirping which i dont like

its scary

idk why

its just wrong its night time but the birds are chirping its like im in trouble for not sleeping
im always in trouble
like bee doesn't get that we are the same
so like we aren't the same because i do get that
like idk i guess the only difference is she got abused a lot and i didn't and she started doing heroin when she was a kid
and i was just smoking weed
and like idk
i dont know if it'll work
we're both just empty
idk if we can fill each other
like i dunno
if theres anything there at all
we're both looking for something
or she is
idk if i am anymore
i gave up and got lost and forgot everything and now i don't know anything
i dont remember what i remember and what i dont
like i guess you can't give up and then un give up
like i guess i'm regretting right now
i just wish someone would talk to me like anyone and just say its ok and im ok and they dont hate me and maybe they
even like me a little like idk obviously not a lot because i wouldn't believe them or if i did i'd get too excited and ruin it
i ruin everything i touch like king midas
so im just a statue just a ugly gargoyle scaring people away a scarecrow with no brain
and like
idk dorothy doesnt like me or something. Like wizard of oz you know except the point i'm making is that it sucks and is
bad and my life is shitty just like everyones except it's MY life so its more immediately relevant to this book
i guess it's a book about my life which would make it an autobiography
but not really
like that's supposed to be like your life STORY right? this isn't a story
i dont know what it is
so maybe it is like my life, i dont know what that is either, i never knew what i was doing or where i was supposed to go
i wrote something in my moleskine about my life thats like kind of accurate maybe but not really but in the kind of
perfectly imperfect or imperfectly perfect way that its flawed nature accurately describes the nature of what it fails to
accurately describe. But honestly that's probably bullshit and im just trying to justify a bad piece of writing that might as
well have never been written at all but i'm thinking about it and stuff thats in my head makes me want to put it out into
the rest of the world i dont know why i guess thats normal otherwise your head would have too much stuff in it
i dont know if thats really stupid or actually makes sense in a stupid way and i dont really care and i assume no one else
does either
i assume no one is gonna read this far even if they do read my book which isn't gonna get published its just gonna be a
text document that i send to my friends and they read like a little bit of it and forget and either just lie and say yeah it was
good i liked *picks part at random* or else they just say like oh yeah i started it but then i was busy and like whatever im
not gonna force anyone to read my stupid book just like my stupid shitty music. like literally the only thing any of my art
has going for it is a gimmick and the gimmick is that it's shitty. And like yeah. That's it. There's no substance OK FINE im
gonna like stop being this negative and shit like ugh. Idk if theres substance or not. It's up to you. Sometimes i write
something and it sounds good like its got something in it like you know. Idk whatever. Im not gonna try to describe
anything right now sometimes i can describe things decently with random approximations but honesty its just a shot in
the dark and i think everyone is just too polite to say they dont understand anything i say ever

but like i'm right though. I know i'm right about some things. I can see things. some things. Kitty knows he'll tell you. He
knows things too we kno about knowing. I dont know if anyone else does and thats why were best friends and why were
both sad and lonely cuz no one gets it like we do but if they all did we wouldn't be best friends would we? would
everyone be best friends or what. i dont thats just another wonder i'll leave it to the wonderers
i dont wanna be a wonderer
i guess i wanna be a wanderer but im always stuck going in circles
like my dreams that i have over again and then they happen in real life and i dont know what's real or not and i don't
know if people can really turn invisible or not but i know that i knew for sure without a doubt but then after a week or two
the doubts started to creep in
i hate the doubts and their creeping
troublesome doubt double some trout bout
i hate rhymes too but they creep as well
i dont even think that like anything i do is me it's all just impulses and compulsions and my brain's rules making me do
stuff
i was gonna talk about free will i was gonna say. That it doesn't matter whether free will is real or just an illusory product
of random interactions between microscopic particles because like it feels like we are sentient things that choose to do

stuff and are "people" but sometimes i don't feel like that. I dont know whether i am an ok person or i am an evil filthy pervert because of the dark thoughts that creep and infest my mind
there are some things i just cant accept and cant speak of
and sometimes i see vast dark evil things beyond description i dont see them with my eyes just in my mind but i feel them with the ghosts of my fingers and i cant really comprehend it when im fully awake so i pretty much just never talk or tell anyone about this kind of thing because it would just sound weird and crazy and so like i have no idea if other people have this same thing. I've tried to talk to people about the fast thing the scary fast fast scary thing and like it seems like no one gets that like the way that i do. Which kind of sucks but i guess it doesn't matter like i dunno what would be good about someone else having the exact same experience but for some reason that feels good....to know that someone else is going through the same thing as you
i guess thats why i like bee
or do i just like her
idk what that means
like what is a person
besides all the stuff what is just the basic thing of it
the soul
how do i know if i really know her soul and i really love it
i think i do
i think i would know i mean i think that i do know and that makes me think that i know but i don't KNOW. so i dont know well i guess i might as well include that thing i was talking about now that you've forgotten about it

my life feels like a day just like today. I slept in way too late and didn't do much of anything but it was sunny and nice and my family is all here. It was pretty cool i guess

they say life is a movie nah nah baby mine is a picture

here's something from a dream that i couldn't fully remember either
which sucked because it was this amazing song that i think was a breeders song but i dont think a real life song because i listened to all the ones i know and it wasn't any of them. i wish i remembered enough of it and that i could sing better so i could make it myself i hung out with Vivi the other day and they said like all of their songs were from dreams or at least like they just appeared in their head and then they just made them. I usually make mine with guitar
i just want to go outside is the only one i can think of that was just already in my head and i knew how it was supposed to sound except like i think a part or two of stargazer
3-19-17

a pair of horns lives under the cellar floor
you kissed me behind the cellar door
you were a beggar man

Oh okay so i went back and read what i wrote in here the other day and i did already mention that thing....it was copy pasted from a text i sent to kitty. about the big vast strange evil thing that scares me but sometimes it's euphoric in that OCD way
but it hasn't been since like
i dunno it feels like ten twenty years even
now it just feels like trying to get a clutch of what i could not touch
just a brush against a fleeting glimpse of a grab....a grab for what i don't know what it's called. when you do the OCD thing perfectly and it feels just exactly right and good. it's why i dont really like those ASMR videos where they like cut up plastic or do stuff with paint or whatever i dunno but it's like it feels good to watch but it never satisfies me in the conclusive way that it should there's no closure and it's like blue balls. I don't even know what blue balls like literally feels like but i know exactly what it's like in the OCD sense of not getting closure from something almost satisfying or having a good thought and then losing it slowly slipping away from your mind grab
it's actually weird that i'm writing about this because i usually don't like talking about anything related to my OCD because then it just makes it stronger and reminds me of things that i don't like thinking about and get stuck in my head i mean, the O in OCD obviously. i dunno i also feel like OCD manifests itself differently in different people and mine isn't like the stereotypical clichés in a lot of ways so i feel like people would say that i don't really have it and then i'd feel bad. But like i've talked to a couple people that are diagnosed with OCD about it and they were like ya ur the same its like the same u have it. So like. good for me i guess. i'm just diagnosed with like "obsessive and compulsive tendencies" or something like i dunno why. I mean i only got that diagnosis because well fuck i dont even wanna tell that story its boring and too tedious to describe

whatever

im thinking too much >: /
like i'm actually gonna smoke
but

my throat
is sore
i feel like
this is a haiku.

i mean its not but it felt like one....i felt like i was in a haiku like being in the chalk zone
being inside of a words is pretty nice
being in a flesh machine is kinda gross and sketch and scary
but its alright like if ur on drugs and maybe other times like warm water thats about it

Okay another word that i love is dross. I don't like dross but i love the word for it. I feel like that's what most of what i've written today is dross spilling and oozing out of my mind brain via my digital appendages. Now i'm just being a dick. Dross though, good stuff.

debris is ok but dross is like A+++

i think i had a poem about debris did i put it in here
like it just mentioned debris it wasn't ABOUT debris
but debris is a pretty memorable word to me so it might as well be the theme and title of said poem
oh i don't think i did
god i cant believe i put those other poems in here though like they're so silly and dumb and embarrassing i guess its ok
im a cute girl so i can write dumb poetry and people still like me i guess?

oh right
i showed it to marcus but i just took a picture of the page with my phone i didn't type it out. I mentioned it earlier though
it's the one about well you'll see. if you remember. either way its that one.

Long Smiles (Summer 2012)

train tracks across the backs of giants
long smiles looking deep within
7 seas between the sandstone man and me
metal trees and wastelands of debris
to look behind is a sin
believe the lies and then you'll win
but I can never learn
and all the while

Oh yeah
I thought at the time we were on the same page
I guess it was all there in the library of Congress
to say what you know I meant the whole time
I have to say whatever you think I said again
One more time, I'm worried
It's for the best in all of us.
Background thoughts
I drop the glass of lost liquids
it spills all over the floor of the treehouse
between our eyes
leave it open a crack for me
ivory skies

i'm pretty much out of words and even running low on dross but i still dunno what to do i want a cigarette but i just have
dokka so maybe ill do that in a bit but i want to keep writing so i'm just gonna like throw some more stuff from
notebooks in here...throw it into the mix

IMSOFAROUTOFSIGHT
i should have done that
yeah lol

that was such an experience I couldn't put it into words. Like I was thinking & eventually talking out loud not quite to
myself but anyone & anything & every thing that was listening idk it was just my art and poetry and raw human person
being living observing self idk this is the best i can do to write about it Lol its not like it was that sick or profound but it

kind of was.

LSUH
+ l t +]

swallow it all
this is stupid

what do you know
is anything good
You give me the sword
are gun
mine gun gun
I am gun dead fish
Be in this gun _/
to gun
fucking gun
Sex
repulsed Antisocial lover
pervert
Magnetic
~~Dont~~
tellme what to do WWWhat i waht
I DONT (KNOW)
TRust Myself losing it
shes not all there shes not all there

Oh, yeah. You're definitely probably more messed up than me. That's why I want to help you. I want to be your heart

You deserve to be happy
I dont think anyone "deserves" anything but i think i deserve happiness. I want everyone to be happy

Lonely ghost haunting a forgotten home she leaves only the smell of smoke a maybe a few things unsaid

This is my home for now I hope it will last but I know it won't I leave my cigarette butts to remember me by

I am just a being of love its not my fault i'm in this world full of hate
you can miss me with all that im just gonna be cute...

i want to be a song you love
in your mind just like you
are in mine

do you still dream about me

WHY Am i AFRAID to SAY ANYtHing

BE the GOOD things

i want to show you everything
but i would settle for anything

i thought

it was a good idea

i should have known it would never work
but i'm still hoping that it will

i wanna sing along but i don't wanna know the words

time isn't a resource

10/17/15 I touched her today, she was so soft.
she smelled nice today, + cute we were
wearing kinda the same thing (cute)

life is a fight. But it's a fight you can't lose, because You never stop fighting.
Stop Comparing & Competing

1•17•16

TALK to2 ME honestly what i need to Focus on Right now is talking to myself its silly but thats really what makes me feel better. <3<3 Remember to eat food, drink water, etc but like... dont get stuck in the same negative thoughts & emotions those feelings are valid but not going get u anywhere =(please just Talk to Me
THIS is YOUR ART. KEEP TALKing & THiNK iNG AND maKiNg ART

~~UR weird~~

ur weird

just kidding...
2/22/16

whats so bad about Bad
(BAD)
~~I Dunno~~

I am human lol

—

(lol reading this shit now about this girl that like i just recently tried to talk to and like what the fuck she was so mean to me and now she's acting like I was sketch somehow...like literally.....sorry i was crying at your house like sorry i thought we were friends sorry you made me cry and now you think i "invited myself over" like um cool ya)
[that was from my moleskine starting with 'you deserve..' before that was the red notebook]
honestly this notebook is sick and like i cant really convey the vast majority of it in a text document like you should just ask me to show it to you next time you're at my house or whatever.

chapter 5

idk if this is chapter 5 but like sure let's call it that. She came by today and dropped off all my stuff which was nice and like didn't really say much of anything which was sad idk it was nice to see her but sad like idk when i'll see her again it was really sad and my mom scared both of us and she left without saying goodbye

then i tried to get in a fight with my mom but she wouldn't be mean to me she was just like mean in the evil way that doesn't feel good at all because she's right and all i can do is just be like sorry i suck i cant do it i cant do anything right i cant do anything at all im sorry but at least she made me cry i probably have been needing to cry for a least a couple days i don't remember when the last time was actually it was last night but only a little...this was more of a real cry it was decent idk

like idk my mom is nice she tries to help and she does help a little tiny bit sometimes i guess enough to balance out the times she's made me scared or stole my shit or made me wanna die idk
she loves me and tries but she can't save me
i love bee and i try and do all i can but i'm so weak and tired
i don't think i can save anything
but i have to

i don't think anyone understands her as much as i do. I don't think anyone understands anyone else completely. Or even themselves honestly probably. But i think i get it more than anyone else and i know i care more than anyone so i have to be there as much as possible and do everything i can to protect even if she can't do anything for me or doesn't want to it doesn't matter because i have to take care of her

some other good words are feted, fetid, and fetters. Idk like. Fetish is not good. And fate is whatever but fated i like, and ill-fated. Fetus is disgusting i hate that word. Fetch i'm completely neutral on. Not really sure why i felt the need to mention any of this but DO YOU KNOW WHAT I JUST NOTICED felt and felt are spelled the same but like one is a past tense verb and one can be either a noun or adjective. I mean it's all the same word there's 3 meanings but 2 of them are kinda the same? Weird. There are some other weird homonyms like that there was one that really fucked me up the other day but I can't remember what it was. But I was like holy shit these 2 words are actually THE EXACT SAME WORD but my brain thinks about them so differently

feted and fated are pronounced the same and they're both badass words but feted is much more badass. Like it doesn't even have a badass meaning but to me it carries the same kind of weight as like, "meted" as in "meted out punishment" or "flogged" as in "flogged the shit out of me in order to mete out punishment". It's not pronounced like meted though which is tough to remember because like, i don't know if i've ever heard anyone say feted out loud. Although maybe i have but i thought they were saying fated so i didn't notice. Very tricky
Tricky indeed....one might even go so far as to say TROUBLESOME but not me no never

lavish languish lounge...languid...liquid...language...yeah.....sanguine? Genuine.....fruition...gumption...assumption
assortment allotment alligator elevator demonstrative monster somnomancer ambulant lancer jester ooooh
fester.....fester is good. Festers quest festering rot festival of festering flesh
crest, crescent, fresh, prescient

sorry this is probably boring as hell but i luv it

thresh thrash thrush thrust thirst lurk lurch church....chunk.....lunk
gunk that's a good one
lunk isn't a word apparently
clunk i will take clunk. I will take clunk every day of the week

ok well my word program doesn't think lunk is a word but according to google it IS it's short for lunkhead. I mean that's what i was thinking how could you have a lunkhead if there was no lunk. Like why you would just start calling people lunkheads out of nowhere if lunk wasn't a thing
although it doesn't seem to be a thing it's just....short for lunkhead
I DUNNO HELP

ok well some other shit online said it's "probably" an alteration of "lump-head" which I GUESS i will accept FOR NOW
but ive got my eye on you >_>

clump is good. I like a good clump....a good handful-sized clump. A hand full of clump. Chock full of clumps and chunks. Clocks and stuff and whatever else the fuck. if u don't like this poem you must be a lunk. >: p

man there's so many good words for like hitting someone or getting injured. Clocking someone...socking them...giving them a good wallop. Apparently "thwack" is a legit word according to google. it sounds like a mario enemy to me but whatever. My favorite one of those guys is the thwimps. Thwimp thwimp thwimp i luv it. Luv luv those thwimps and chimps chocolate chimps getting clocked by...imps. Yeah imps...i like imps. I basically fucking love imps, ghouls, goblins, hobgoblins, gremlins, gargoyles, ghosts, gaunts, demons, cacodemons, boggarts, frogs, lunks, punks, skunks, and chumps. And goons of course but everyone loves goons. Ooh and while we're on the subject, oafs, louts, lummoxes, and stumblebums are very dear to my heart as well. I feel like I kind of got off track from more inhuman things to more humanish things but honestly i couldn't say for sure whether or not any of these things are truly fully human or untruly human fully or unfully. Gully though, or gulch, might be a reasonable place to find some of these things if you had a yearning to glimpse one or just an itch or even merely a passing fancy. I sure would fancy a glimpse in a gulch. If you ARE one of these things and DONT want to be glimpsed i would recommend a culvert for being covert. You could even

cultivate a coven of covetous cravens...that sounds risky though. I dunno. I was gonna say though that i think all these things are human or might as well be. A demon is just a word for a scapegoat something you blame your problems on AKA a woman AKA a trans woman just like people would call the eccentric spinster a witch just cuz their sheep died or they got a wart or something and fucking burn her at the stake. Demons are people just people that get blamed and hated i am a demon i am a goat the goat ov mendes if you pay attention you'll notice that trans women are the demons of a patriarchal society the worst most disgusting thing you could be they named the word "bad" after us. And yeah i won't shut up about that cuz i cant not think about it every time i hear the word. But i'm proud to be a baeddel i'm tsathoggua fit for battle im a goat not no cattle....

weird how people always want a scapegoat instead of taking responsibility
i mean it's not that weird it's just stupid, and people are stupid so i guess it's fair enough.

but like

its not really stupid what they've done to us, it was intentional

but it was stupid because i don't think subjugating humans and separating them into classes just you can have more power and wealth is healthy or truly beneficial for you ("you" meaning the ruling class). Like i feel like everyone would be better off if we just.....didn't do this kind of thing

cuz the pursuit of power and wealth is an addiction it's a hunger that's never sated....always ill-fated
destined 2 fail and fall and slip and slide like quicksilver or quicksand or slick silver hand grip slipping trip

destiny....shit destined....its really destinnnnnnnnd destinny brahh

stint splint sprint spleen sprain pain feign fail fall fall fall fall. Falling falling calling crawling bawling

Trawling for treasure...a treasure trove....in a cove.....a drove of doves or plovers plowing or plundering or paving or moving or mooing like cows lowing like louts lounging like lungfish basking like basilisks like hell in a hand cart.

Folly.....foolish.....fool

there's so many good words for fool i won't even start

Not sure whether i identify more as an imp or gargoyle or as a fool or dunce. I suppose there is some crossover with gargoyle being at the stone butch end of the spectrum and a frolicsome goblin could surely find work as a jester, and in fact "impish" itself is a synonym for foolish according to my sources. And it would be the height of folly to overlook the glaring similarity between the dunce's trademark cap and that of the garden gnome, a cousin of the goblin with a striking similarity to the gargoyle without the requisite fearsome countenance. Gnomes do seem to be impish or at least mischievous from what I've heard. Gargoyles i dunno. I think they mostly just sit around. I would know because i am a gargoyle i just sit around in strange positions and scowl and scare people with my ugly grotesqueness like a contortionist frozen by medusa

gargoyle girl

bee said it looks like i'm praying the way i sit with my head and knees and arms and hands a lot of the time and im like i dunno lol i just dunno where to put all of these weird body parts like what else are you supposed to do with them besides fling them askew into a jumble. Or twist them akimbo. I don't know. I dont like any of my body parts except my butt and OCCASIONALLY my face but my face is wack cuz when i like it i have to take a picture because i know it won't look like that for long but then even when i do take a picture the picture doesn't look good when i look at it later. It's just not worth worrying about but i cant help worrying and brooding and agonizing over it constantly. Because they made me a demon a gargoyle. i want my own face it used to feel like a mask and then it felt like No face and now i don't know, it feels like someone else's face but not the same someone but either way it's someone i don't know...a stranger.....

an alien

alienating is another one of my favorite words. i guess i have a lot of favorite words so you'd think i could come up with something better than "ya" when asked about it but maybe that's the problem is there's too many to think of. I dunno when i'm around another human i just get different and if they ask me something my mind goes blank but not in the good way. I want my mind to go blank in the good way....blank blank blank i love that word too haha

shooting blanks

blanket

blanketed with snow

banging shooting dope snorting snow up your nose

lol i just had to do that cuz it was perfect. I dont like coke at all i did some the other night with my friend when i was like kinda coming down off meth and they said it was like really good blow and i barely got high, i mean it was like fun and all but the DRIP is AWFUL like it's the worst taste ever and you cant get rid of it. It's worse than meth drip worse than alprazolam which is bitter as fuck and it's way worse than 3-MeO-PCP which i actually like the taste of. But yeah i dunno if it was the ice or the blow but probably definitely the drip that made me puke quite a bit in their toilet. But they didn't even notice haha even though they were in their room which is directly adjacent. I was good though i pretty much hit the bullseye every time with minimal splash and then i just had to breathe a bit and wipe the toilet seat and i was chilling. I didn't do any more lines after that though and then i REALLY came down and started to get that anxiety stew of fear and self loathing and repulsion and by the time i got home it was really bad, literally some guy who's mildly annoying texted me like "hey are you awake" and i just saw the text and immediately vomited everything i had eaten which was just a leftover breadstick from olive garden but like it was pretty much all i had eaten that day not counting what i threw up earlier and i don't think i'd eaten much before that and the day before that i was in jail for like 2 or 3 days. But whatever....like i should probably eat more and i'd feel better but i feel like when i eat i cant stop and then i feel fat and shitty and it's like lose-lose. Anyways i told that guy yeah i'm awake but i feel shitty and i need to sleep and he was like

“oh yeah for sure but you should come hang out (and do meth)(he’s like 40) and sent me a dick pick like um BYE. never talking to YOU again ever. And it’s good cuz i never wanna do meth again ever or coke

coke is just like not worth it at all...i’ve never spent money on it ever only done it when someone offered and its kinda fun when i’m drunk like idk it probably does something and i just like snorting shit it’s fun but the drip, man, the fucking drip. Fuck that. Like honestly i could drink an energy drink and it’d do more than a bump of coke. I guess this was nice coke that Vivi got though because after the second line i did feel pretty high and like i’d only had one drink like an hour before so it was cool i guess. But like i was tryna do meth and coke was like...not meth. But it’s good. That i hung out with them instead of doing meth. definitely. I just like idk i kind of need to do drugs to hang out with people i mean i dont HAVE to but it makes it a lot better but weed doesn’t really it makes me quiet and nervous usually. And uppers are great but coming down sucks and alcohol is fun for like an hour and then it’s awful i just want benzos like xanax or tiz truly the best drug to do for doing pretty much anything. Except just sitting around and listening to music then it’s 3-meo or like idk walking around in nature then its whatever psychedelic idk i mean the point is coke is lame, fuck meth, i want poppers though. Or like whipits i’d be down to get drunk if i had whipits. Poppers though i feel like if i got drunk and had a popper i’d just do way too much and get a headache and shitty ass hangover. Really what i wanna do is a couple boxes of triple Cs, trip all night, drink a beer or two and smoke some weed or dokha or ideally a dab in the morning and that’s like the shit right there. Like one of the best feelings is just smoking when you’re a little drunk coming off a big dex dose like i dunno it just makes alcohol so much better than it ever is otherwise even like getting drunk and doing stupid shit in the middle of the night in high school although i don’t think that anything will ever be that much fun again. But it feels nice is what i’m saying. You don’t have to do anything just sit there and chill and enjoy just being alive....like thats fuckin rare.....dextro is truly a treasure i wish i had some i thought there was a box of coricidin left but bee came today and dropped off pretty much all my stuff sans my weed and pipe that i’m hoping is still in her glove box but like the only medicinal item included was a bottle of sudafed. So like i dunno what i’m gonna do i cant go steal more dxm because i have no car and like probably shouldn’t be doing any crime at the moment anyway :/ but it sucks

this aint no think tank
i want my mind a go blank
IF YOUD LET ME BE FRANK
IT AINT NO ONE ID THANK.

sorry idk thats not really true. i would thank all my friends

idk im tired of mysterys im so tired of everything i dont wanna be scared i dont wanna keep saying the same stuff over and over but what else is there

theres a pit in my stomach and it wont go away
like it still hasnt
it never did and probably never will
like thats life i guess

yeah..
i dunno i hope you feel better than i do right now
it seems dumb to write a book that you’re gonna show to other people when you this bad. I usually don’t tell people how bad i’m feeling or try to downplay it you know like “it’s fine i always feel like this” or “i just need to sleep” or whatever. So i dunno why i am writing

im honestly just scared and this is like the most comforting thing because its like talking to someone that cant talk back....like if you send someone a text and they dont respond right away you get super scared and/or assume that they hate your guts. I mean i feel like most people get this feeling to some extent and recognize it as irrational most of the time hopefully i don’t know. I dont know anything

i cant finish anything because how do you
cant do it right

things are impossible
like why

i’m thinking about pascals sphere and why the universe exists in the form it does....ive heard that its irrational and scientifically unlikely and like idk what that means rly but i do kno what it means
but things that are unlikely happen all the time
things are impossible dont ever happen if they happen they arent impossible so they aren’t the things that im talking about but how do i know

um i'm just lonely and scared as shit and its not getting better
if i smoke it'll just blast everything away for a little bit but it'll come back idk
like
i need to reset
dxm is a reset but i've done plenty of that and here i am still needing to not be where i am im still not ok at all
very not ok

ok is one of my least favorite words altho i use it all the time i mean its fine to use as like confirmation like ya sure ok but i
hate when someone asks if im ok cuz like no im not but like yeah i guess i am i mean what???i dunno
i ask other people that tho cuz idk what else to ask

i dunno

i just thinking about suicide constantly but afraid to mention it to other ppl cuz it'll just make us both wanna do it more
but then its hard to talk because its distracting

um

how do i get out of here

like i dunno, i can't write myself out of it, like for once i'm actually writing a lot but as usual doing something i wanted to
do for a long time and didn't do and finally doing isn't really that great and i still feel just as bad as always

which kind of sucks it's unfortunate
i had fun today though
a lot of the stuff i wrote today was fun. to write. i hope it was fun to read. just stop here and read those parts again or
better go read something else or do something else entirely. wait dont leave im scared im lonely i need help
idk whats help
help help help
its just what i need
what i dont have
whatever i dont have and need and cant figurer out and is the big evil mystery that haunts me and fills me with dread,
thats help
it doesn't exist

there's a couple songs about help i've been listening to/thinking about lately looking for help by black kray and by myself
no help by playboi carti

i haven't actually listened to carti in a while i've just thought about that song and broke boi and listened to them in my
head
been listening to black kray though and a lot of jrock hermit and artschool
and a lot of ari solus dude is really a genius its weird how unknown he is
like especially as the internet gets older and older and the world gets smaller i feel like people with talent or even like, no
talent i mean idk what talent is or how you measure it objectively, are getting popular like idk i guess theres a lot of
people so a lot of people to have a lot of other people listen to their music but also a lot of people who dont have that
like me
um
idk
this is a bad chapter
lol

idk like.....nothing is impossible >:) thats the secret that i always forget
but ive already said it a million times reality is a myth
bootstrapping is always possible
if you dont do it then that sucks but if you do then it was possible so who knows

its ok im done being sad

for today at least

Ok nice

Space heart

ya

its weird how long it took me to get where i am about gender and how far ive come and i kind of forget how much different and bad i used to feel about it and its weird that theres people that are still there and havent figured it out

but then i like i see what there feeling an im like o yeeah i used to be there

im tryna show them and explain that its ok and they can do what they want and be whatever but like idk if they rly are the same as me but even if they its like idk if i can help mayb everyone has to do it themself

cuz when its you that feels bad ppl who already got past it seem like different from u like theyre better and u cant get there

hmm >: / well its good that i did so much progress i forget about all the stuff that i was did and done that was actually good cuz i dont feel good now but like. maybe it is actually better now

i dont rly remember if it was good or worse in the past it was just different i probably always make it seem better in my head that a memory is better than a now

and thats a big waste

wish i could help ppl thats stuck >: I but im stuck on other stuff now

hmm

why don't people just all help each of other and quit being a big doofus

hmpf is all i have to say its a big hmpf all around

another word i like is fathom. I pretty much only use it in the context of unfathomable stuff like right now i feel like i can't fathom anything its all unfathomable. It's a nice word to use when im trying to fathom a specific thing i'll be like im trying to fathom this. Fathoming is what i'm doing. Trying to i mean. I dunno if i ever actually manage to fathom anything like i can't think of anything i've successfully fathomed. I also like mongering as in warmongering or fishmongering except i dont have anything to monger and i don't want to i just want to monger. Just mongering....
im just over here just mongering

puzzle is a good word

i guess most of my favorite words are words that describe
how lost and confused and sad and helpless and shitty i feel most of the time
but at least i have a word for it that makes it a little better somehow

an exception would be esoteric i just like esoteric stuff and it's a good word for it esoterick is even better because i don't think anyone but me has ever spelled it like that so it's basically an extremely esoteric way to spell esoteric. I feel like magick is an esoterick way to spell magic. And it's just better

unfathomable is a great word because it just means you have no fucking clue
cant figure this shit out at all but i know for a FACT that it's unfathomable

fathom is also i think a unit of length but an esoterick one which is great because i love archaic units of measurement, some of my other favorites including furlong, cubit, league, stadion, and parsec which isn't archaic but i think it's obscure enough to be considered esoteric unless you're like an astronomer or nerd.

im sad

i couldnt cry or puke today i tried

i need catharsis i need to vent and express but i can't fathom my own feelings i can't articulate or puzzle a way out i cant

i cant
i need to do
something but i dont know what and if i did know i probably wouldn't be able to anyway
i wonder how many other people feel like this
wow i actually deleted something i wrote i think that's the first time i did that in this book and i said i wouldn't but it was
just going nowhere and like well i dont know this isnt going anywhere either dont worry about it

i am fighting
im trying to try
i think
hard to tell anymore
im just fried im zombied out

i feel like....im losing the
whatever
it is that i've had the last few days that made me or let me write so much these last few days (over 20,000 words) but its
ok cuz before i wrote all this i was barely writing like i'd just write a little bit and then not for like weeks or months
i guess impetus is the word. For the thing that i had that i dont really have now. I mean i guess it makes sense
scientifically that i would lose my inertia due to entropy or friction or whatever
entropy fucking sucks i hate it
nothing good lasts most things barely even last minutes or seconds before entropy does its thing and doubt and fear and
dread and despair creep in

vivi was probably right that i should still write all the negative stuff and keep it in here even if it seems pointless and best
and detrimental at worst

so thanks
viv if ur reading this you can be my editor if you still want to and fix all the grammar and stuff and correct everything but
you see what i mean right? i think the idiosyncrasies are important
like
well it's just my MO. it's very important. Everything. but not really because no one understands me or sees things the
same way i do at least i don't think they do maybe kitty and bee do a little

maybe i'm just unfathomable
im full of secrets i couldn't spill if i tried if you think you get me you're wrong
i hope thats not true though
im deleterious and delirious
i want to be positive and generative and generous and congenial and cordial
MO is a word i like to use a lot well it's an acronym so i guess it's two words modus and operandi mode of operation but
i dont really care for any of those words i just like saying em oh

curling up in a ball is my MO

incongruous i like that one
it all fits together like a puzzle that's my MO i'm incongruous to this alienating realm it's troublesome
im writing this book so that you understand my MO
i didn't mention that realm is one of my words but you should have figured it out well maybe thats harsh i don't know i
hope it was obvious but maybe it wasn't its ok if you didnt.

i dont know i feel like i'm gonna end up with way too many favorite words to the point where their novelty is diminished
that always happens i can never pick favorites i hate making playlists and mix CDs for people even though i want to like
it because 1. theres always too many songs i cant pare them appropriately and 2. i can never figure out the right order
they should be in and it has to be perfect but it's impossible. It should be ok bc every mix CD someone made for me the
order of the songs was perfect because someone else who isn't me made it and to someone else who isn't me i'm
someone else who isn't them so the things i do and the way i do them should be immaculate but it doesn't work that
way or at least i can't feel it
i am shit immaculate

i'm complaining a lot but here i have something good to say

im cute so i should make ppl happy >: / hmph. even if im sad dont look at me and feel bad be glad im around . cuz.
im good. your welcome ^__^

i hope you're looking inside my brain christ it's a cluttered mess

the hollow christ theory

that'll be the name for my next book

well sometimes i want people to understand but sometimes i want to be a mystery

i want to be beautiful and desirable and seemingly unapproachable but miraculously approachable and too good to be true but even better in truth. Truthless and ruthless and toothless

i don't know. I can never make up my mind at all. I want to be understood and a mystery. I want to be desired and forgotten. I want attention but i want to be left alone. I want to be a good thing in your mind but it's too scary to be in someone else's mind i cant even bear to be in my own

so maybe ill never let anyone read this book

that'd be nice. Just let my imaginary placebo audience give me all the attention i need and then hide it away with my other special secrets that are just for me. You need those i think. But it can't be everything you have to share and you have to have things just for you but i dont know how to not be lonely i guess just wait for a miracle i found one but it keeps disappearing i hate waiting it's the worst like wondering and wishing but then she appears again like a miracle like a beautiful bolt from the blue

yeah

i like being intentionally incoherent and obscure not just because i like esoterica but because i like hiding it's my MO my nature.....the inclination and urge to hide is overpowering but the loneliness is overwhelming

urge demiurge

splurge spurn urn

usual huge fugue

i could have said purge but i didn't but it's a decent word. Plague vague hag

purge regurgitate reprobate reprimand countermand remand unhand demand dematerialize demonstrative monster strata

errata

erratic.....eccentric

static spastic

flux reflux vomit comet cometh

banish vanish mannish outlandish

Scandinavian scandal scanned vandal

Unmanned handle

Sandal.....schooner...skiff, sloop

vessel mussel hustle rustle rose petal unforgettable test of mettle

metal cobalt iron onyx obsidian veridian verdigris vertigo iris ivy envy levy savvy sever lever clever forever...together

clasp

clutch

vast

touch

bound

drawn

taut

naught

ought

oblige suffer suffrage suffice jaundice surplus suplex perplex flex flux flux flux flux flux flux

plexiglass fiberglass clear opaque fake take god sake

I'm

heaven sent rend upend upheaval retrieval medieval

I'm evil

We are cursed I am blessed I am obsessed

but i'm not upset

I am going to

be gentle

if you

need to be held

please tell me

i want to be told

i want to tell
i want to be held
i want to burn in hell
i want to melt into quicksilver
i want to burst into pieces of paper or scraps of prayer
like fortune cookie fortunes
i want to be tortured
i want to be gouged and carved and cruel spikes driven into bone ruination and salvation
pools of chromatic silver and gold portals through mirrors through cold
gated, limited
unlimited timid septuagint
sepulcher serpent tint
sepulchral mournful baleful
apocryphal masking bane
master
give
chain
under
master
eyes
closed
vision
dark
syndrome
gate
chain
kept
light
vision
sundered
sutured
sutured
master
lost laster
laster
lustre
orb
spider
don't
ruptured
skull
skull
look
at
my
skull
sabbatical heretical kept peripatetic verified somnambulate
suck
drawn
taught
sought
sutured
slaughtered
severed
master
fond
obelisk
grind
ground
under
please
sordid
socket
exclamation

communicate
excommunicate
deus ex machina
mah
moa
mind
mound
bone
bone
balustrade
vanish
v

skinned alive

i dunno if you read all that and enjoyed it that's weird. Thank you though.
i messed up some of it but i can't fix it
unfortunately
i kind of hate it
like maybe my brain shouldn't be allowed to do whatever it wants
everything is messed up and fucked and cursed and i hate rhymes but i get repulsed and convulse
i hate my pulse
i hate all my internal organs they're repulsive as all hell
i dont want to think about that stuff
shut up

i need to get rid of it i need to dig and dredge and gouge and cut it out of me
carve it out like love
like a daydream
like menard we are all reinventing the wheel and it's even more beautiful
don't stop now
keep it like a secret
seek it like a....cabinet
lol

that reminds me of playing hide and seek in my house i almost always won i had three spots that were really good i think
two of them eventually got found by someone but the best one no one knew about except me

i wonder if you like me. I feel like i am so weird you either have to fall in love with me or be hideously revolted. But i'm
probably not really that weird
I think i'm exactly normal which has to be weird because no one is normal
everyone is different except me i'm the only who's the same

like isn't everyone special shouldn't you fall in love with everyone
and want to save them
i dont know how you save anything did that ever really happen
someone saved something
and then what
did it even stay saved
was it ok
am i ok i guess.....right now i am ok
that's still meaningless though but remember to forget that everything is meaningless or you'll get lost in maddening
chaotic terrifying despair or at least i will. but i feel kind of comfortable right now a unidentified memory of something
pleasant got evoked just now i hope that happens to you too. I hope you are enjoying my book. That would be weird but
life is weird

i just reread that paragraph and it was way too fast like maybe i should use commas lol
idk it sounds right when i'm writing it

oh yeah clairvoyant. my next book is gonna be called The Hollow Christ Theory by Clair Voyant

get it out deeply
slice and sever
extract completely
get rid of it
get rid of it

fuck cops they suck they stole more than i ever did

i need more love all i have is a knife

im trying to read this book and its like hard lol its too scattered and erratic and spastic
like good luck lol
cant believe u made it this far >_> you must have cheated

piteous impious impish plinth
sadistick
disposable trash

well i should probably try to be more elegant and eloquent
soliloquies and requiems and respite and soporific aquatic euphoria intimating
ecstasy and unexpected breathtaking
coitus interruptus
vincebus eruptum

soul mates and star cursed fates
i'd swim through a lake full of water for these cakes that's the only thing that'd put out the raging fire in my belly for these
cakes

coital recoil collar cellar
kept
conjoined
bound
drawn
bound together drawn
tight
towards you

i dont know who you are but your smell makes me want to follow you around forever

i know who you are now, now i know i think now i don't know, i think, now, i think it's now
this reminds me of a dream with a birthday party and a demon god but i escaped unnoticed but got lost in a city
i woke up but was still dreaming i was with someone i'll never be with anymore awake and went back
we were all on some bleachers like a refugee camp
a different dream about a city big and water it was like Chicago but like saffron

dreams about cities like Carcosa and Olathoë
dark dreams and waking up too bright to see

heaven scent

my memories are kept in a jar
that i break every night to tell myself it's gonna be alright
when i wake up in the afternoon

i close my door and open the window of my room

i see a tree
waiting there for you and me
wonder where i'll be
when this world is rid of me
finally i'll see
whom i was meant to be
will i be free
will i ever be

every time i sing a song i hear everyone
that ever sang a song
to me
i've seen a million skies but i've never seen the same one that i once knew
i tear my sleeves on the broken doors of what i can't forget

I see a tree
waiting there for you and me
wonder where i'll be
when this world is rid of me
finally i'll see
who i was meant to be
will i be free
will i ever be
will i be free
will i ever
be

you weren't listening

we were both there but we were just talking to ourselves

where were you when i needed you i was always there when you needed me i'm still here where are you

we don't need to be scared we can make our own rules
we can live in paradise palace
parapal forever and ever

i just want to go outside
i just want to feel this time
i just wanna steal some wine
for you

i just want to go outside
i just want to live my life
i just wanna lose my mind
with you

X's for eyes
no more truth no more lies

it's ok i've been cheating a lot too

all this stuff that i wrote a long time ago
i guess it's fine cuz no one ever saw or cared about it then
Not like they will now >_> but i wrote a Book so you people have to read it
thanks

thanks for existing....truly im glad for all my friends don't die because the world would suck without you

I'm sharing some of my secrets
So appreciate that

 $\geq \frac{1}{2}$

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

gthat sux

yeah

life sux tho

ye ig
whats going on

nothing

listening to punk rok

Imao

same altho im hiding under my bed sheet

o dang

nice

yea I just feel like a massive freak incapable of
loo

the big stank

odang

well just love then

its easy

wdym

ur incapable ov luv

2

if u wanna luv just luv

simple

yeah I gues

2

just be like i luv u

<3

<3

thats my method. my MO

to just luv luv

damn yea

your very smart heart

Mmhm ^___^

5:50PM

I'm writing a book thats proof that im smart

"fuck off and die" - taco bell, to me

Lol

I wish i could sell my bus tickets

Or refund em

idk

scalp them at the bus stop

They're tied to my name

scalp your name at the bus stop

Yeah worth it

yea

chalice.....codex

catacomb crypt cryptic cryptography

chalice

goblet

hobgoblin

glob

glutton

suture

inscrutable

creature

prayer

soothsayer

carve carving
scrape scraping

crestfallen

crescent
disaster
catastrophe
zoroaster xasthur hastur

january 20th, 2018 - felt like a bird came and plucked away a piece of my heart today

today is june 25th 2018 feels like vultures have been feasting on my carrion

lest ye fall
fall
under
Samael
rot torn and rent
heaven spent
sky fallen
perdition of babylon

return to eden
loosing of loki and fenrir
reeling and wheeling through time i reclaim all that is mine
and see movies of my dreams

promethean parasite sated
learn to live with all we've hated
or kill without remorse
cruel mercy of the pious
and free my
shackled
shackled
shackled
shackled
shackled
shackled
shackled
shackled

please
be mean just don't be cold and distant
kiss me or burn me just make it hot like the showers i like not like yours so cold i can't come in it with you

please don't be cold and distant like the stars
you're like the moon
when she hides it's all the less lonely for when she shines

i want to be the earth
i want to be your heart and your home

i know, i know
baby it's alright let me hold you tight
nothing's gonna hurt you tonight



oh shit is this the end of my book

um

i don't know i was supposed to "just know" when it was done that's what will said >_> but im not sure

gg

i dont know..its too short right?? it doesn't have enough

it needs more

good and great things

was there any? >_>

guess i'll keep trying bear with me

i don't know what's there left to say but dross

vomit out words

subjugate

turbulent

does it mean anything to you? can you fabricate

fathom

fanciful architecture from my meagre offering

offal of an awful mendicant

sweeping palisades and balustrades and terraces and palaces of paradise

like birds

like Simurgh

can you see

that

what color was it

the colors we wear in our dreams

wait

Wait for the dark

to live in the sun of that look on your face

When you don't want to face reality

and see the world through the eyes of the mind with the same kind of eyes as your mind

When you're doing just fine

i live on the lawns of the night in the dreams of the one who waits there

That's where I'm going

to the mountain i saw a million years ago

don't you remember

lost, i see them, i see it now

i see you there, ah

i don't want to deceive you

i could never lie to you, i could never fool you

more like a parlor trick a sleight of hand

craft an illusion more real than the bleak dismal dreary waking wandering shuffling
waiting, lying lissome in languorous lassitude (i stole this from George Herriman don't sue me)
so we can dream together
make our own myth
of quests and plights and flights of fancy
of mice and men
of monsters and marriage
of the various ways we conflate and conflagrate and congregate and dissipate
on the wall
off your face

i swear i mean well, i'm still going to hell
i got big racks on i feel like a moose.
i don't think lil tracy will sue me.

i guess i should call my therapist and tell her i'm not dead. she said she'd worry about me if i stopped going
but like, eh
she knows i don't like making phone calls. I hate talking on the phone for like work type stuff but i love talking to my friends
everyones voice is so beautiful and mine sucks but i'm hating it less as time goes on i guess.

i miss shooting meth
but i only wanna do it with my girlfriend

and i could do anything with her and it'd be ok. As long as she's happy i'm happy
i don't know where she is right now and i'm not happy
i miss her and i miss sophie the two softest things i got to touch
i miss sophie i kind of wish i had gone to her euthanization
but like
i couldn't
i'm sorry

embrace asymmetry

wait when did i start typing in helvetica
what the fuck
well isn't that just apropos as fuck. i guess. but i want to be consistent. sort of
ok here we go
i swear i remember like specifically selecting this font
i mean it's not like this font is anything special
i might even like helvetica better
but then i'd have to go back and make everything helvetica >_> hm

oh i found it it was when i copy pasted something well that's what i get for being lazy i guess

sad broke missing loss hurts my head to think about it don't think about it
broke broken loss lost lothlorien

i wanna be yours for good

heaven scent

trust is powerful and fragile like me
dont let doubts creep in
hold me and keep them away

i change like the sea but you're a kaleidoscope beautiful and forever fleeting

tempest
temporary

glittering

contemplating

if everyones psyche is made of even half this much thoughts and memories then theres no way anyone could be anything
we all must be a million things more a galaxy than a constellation

but we want to define ourselves with just a handful of words i dont know about that...

that borges essay about kafka where he talks about the flux of a creative identity

i suppose we seek sanctuary in the absolution of reduction
lies or illusions
we find comfort
fragile yet not false
a safety that is dangerous

absolved solved devolved

catastrophic cataclysmic controlled
conductive
collapse
kill
hypocrite
carion
murdered
slaughtered
cleansed
relapsed
sterilized
stagnant
repugnant
repulsive compulsive
contained
boundless empty
compulsion complete
repulsion
relief
rest
lack
awl

coercive conducive compatible irascible
elusive reductive
cursed
scared
captive
escapism
capstone
landscape
scope
scoop

sculpture
culpable
rupture
treasure
retract
remand
command
contemplate
submit
compliant
complaint
brain
saint
hate
coral
fossil

constraint

confined can't sleep remind cant weep
i puked today finally
tasted bad
and hurt
but i told myself it was good
cuz i'd been needing to
re gurge
sweet bile

ephemeral

cut scrape and tear fear

ya ya

i keep glimpsing the big fearsome thing today
i keep seeing the darkness
vast and pitiless
but its good darkness is where i belong

my tummy is a deep well of fear
bottomless pit of writhing tortuous terror
tumultuous sleepless lidless horror
etc

vast epochs of purgatory
i want to be free

i want to be cast into the fires of unmaking
i want to get lost
i want to feel something i want to feel nothing
dont spare me put me out of my misery
reduce me to carbon blood and memories

fire smell

well
i guess this is the end of my book
because things are different now

i dunno

i wanted to just end it abruptly like that. but i guess i'm not. will said i would know when it was finished but i'm not sure. i dont know if i know anything. and anyways i think it would be fitting to end it at the wrong time. but now i already started writing again

THE END